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WHERE GOODNESS DWELLS.

BY MARION BERNSTEIN.

Do good in thought. Some future day
'Twill ripen into speech;
And words are seeds that grow to deeds,
None know how far they reach.

Like thistle down upon the breeze,
Swift scattered here and there,
So words will travel far, and these
A fruitful harvest bear.

Where goodness dwells in heart and mind
Both words and deeds will be
Like cords that closer draw mankind
In peace and charity.

Her Mother's Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "A BLACK VEIL," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER V.—[CONTINUED.]

THE Earl was at the door of No. 90, Park Lane, punctually at five.

He found five-o'clock tea at Lady Ryeford's far more enjoyable than his dinner later on at home.

On such occasions Lady Ryeford thought a little display was true economy; besides, the florist who supplied her with flowers was a long-suffering man, accustomed to the tardily-settled accounts of fashionable ladies.

Lord Cradoc soon felt more at home than he had yet, and Lady Ryeford was quick to see signs of relaxation on the face that was worn with sorrow rather than with age.

Then, with the tact of a clever woman, she introduced the subject of music, and, finding Lord Cradoc an enthusiast, she whispered to him that Irene had a fine voice.

"All the Cradocs love music," he said.

"My boys were very fond of it. They both had good voices, and sang well together."

Lady Ryeford was always within the mark.

She knew that any verbal expression of sympathy would be out of place here; so she sighed deeply—a sigh that was far more eloquent than any words could have been.

"Let me look through your music, my dear," said the Earl simply. "I could not bear to hear any of the songs my boys were so fond of."

The words touched Irene deeply. She looked up at him with an expression on her face that made it more tenderly beautiful than he had ever seen it.

"I would," she said, in a tremulous whisper, "that one of your boys were in my place now, and that I were beneath the sea in his."

Then she turned from him abruptly, and went to the piano.

"I can always sing better without music," she said; and the song she sang was one that those who heard it remembered long after—

"My Heart and I."

Tears dimmed the Earl's eyes; even Lady Ryeford felt her heart beat faster. It was as though some intangible influence filled the room—the power of repressed passion and a repressed soul.

Lord Cradoc went up to Irene. He bent his white head over her.

"I did not know, dear child," he said gently, "that you possessed such power of expression.

"One must have felt tired of life to be able to sing those words as you do."

"I have often felt tired of life," she replied.

"And why?" he asked.

"Because I cannot lead the life I would," she replied.

Without another word she began a gay old Scotch ballad, which delighted the Earl.

Still he kept his eyes on her face; that song had been a revelation to him. He had understood Daphne's bright poetic, beauty-loving nature at once; there were greater depths here—depths of passion, of power, and of pain not easily understood. There had been in this girl's life what there had never been in Daphne's.

Lady Ryeford's wish that the Earl should be interested in her daughter was gratified. Before he went away, he found an opportunity of talking to Irene alone.

"I thought," he said gently, "it was only the old and the sorrowful who ever grew tired of life."

"I should think any one would grow tired of it who had no especial interest in it."

"But you," he said—"so young and—forgive me—so beautiful—you must have plenty of interest?"

"I have not," she answered.

"I am afraid my heart and soul are full of vague longings, nameless wishes and desires.

"My life does not satisfy me in the least. I have nothing to do, but yet am one of those who absolutely require a definite object.

"Dressing, going out visiting with mamma, and entertaining a few friends at home do not satisfy me."

Lord Cradoc looked at the noble eager face with its expression of unsatisfied longing.

"But, my dear child," he said, "you have your mother to love and cherish, and your duty is to her."

"Yes, I know.

"I would do anything to make mamma happy, and I hope never to fail in my duty towards her; but it seems to me that I could do so much more."

"What would you like to do?" he then asked.

"That is a practical question," said Irene.

"I do not know.

"When you were young, Lord Cradoc, had you none of those longings that cannot be expressed in words—longings to be something, to do something, to help the world in some way or other, to leave the world better than you found it, better because you had lived in it?"

"I do not remember; I had never much leisure.

"I was active in Parliament when I was young—and certainly then I had great ideas of what I might accomplish. Afterwards, when I succeeded my father, I had the care of estates and of tenants, then of wife and children.

"I must say that until lately I have known but little leisure."

"Then you do not understand what it is to want an interest in life," she said, with a smile that was half sad.

"I wish I could go into Parliament, or have the management of an estate, or have the charge of many tenants.

"But then I am a woman, and women cannot do such things."

She little knew how her words touched his heart—

"I wish I could have the management of an estate."

Looking at her, at the noble face with its high resolve, the compressed lips, the dark eyes so full of fire, he could understand that to her lofty nature the narrow life she led, the cramping of her energies, the repression of her powers, were hard to bear. It seemed to be a wasted life. The perpetual round of visiting, the frivolous gaiety, the dinners, the balls that engrossed her mother had no attraction for her.

Lord Cradoc was at a loss when he wrote to Lady Marcia Hyde again; he did not know what to say.

Hitherto he had considered that largeness of heart, keenness of intellect, and royalty of soul were exclusively manly attributes; but here was a woman who possessed all in perfection.

* * * * * * *

People who knew Irene Ryeford as the beautiful daughter of a worldly ambitious mother knew little of her real self. Of the girls whom Irene knew and associated with none had the same powers of mind and gifts of soul, the same capabilities; her small world them, whereas, if she had occupied an exalted station, they would have made her famous.

As it was, through constant repression, constant restrait, they were nothing but a source of pain to her.

She was like a beautiful song-bird beating its bright breast against the bars of a cage.

Of what use were powers of administration, a regal capacity for governing?

Of what use was her ready estimate of the characters of others, when the reading of them only made her more discontented with the worldly and frivolous set amongst whom her lot, was cast?

Of what avail were her generosity of soul her spirit of true wisdom and prudence, her compassionate lovingness of heart, her willingness and ability to aid, when her mother held that the greatest object in her life was to obtain at a trifling cost a dress that looked very magnificient, or to coax from some unwilling devotee of fashion an invitation that she hardly cared to give? No wonder that life had little interest.

No two human beings could have been more dissimilar than this mother and daughter.

The mother held that marriage must be for money, rank, or position.

All three were equally desirable, and as a rule one led to the other.

But marriage merely for love she professed not to be able to understand.

Love, she pronounced, was not a thing to be spoken about—"hardly delicate," she would say, with a shrug of the shoulders and a little deprecatory gesture of the white hands.

So that when Irene, with her passionate loving heart, did fall in love, her mother was the last person on earth to whom she could go for sympathy.

That was the story Lord Cradoc read in her face—the story of a passionate love, a love that, like her life, had been utterly crushed.

It had happened when she was so young—only sixteen—three long years before; and those three years had seemed to her an eternity.

Lady Ryeford had received an invitation to Paris; but, no mention having been made of Irene, of course she could not take her.

A friend however came to the rescue.

Lady Darleigh, the wife of Sir William Darleigh of Froude Abbey, invited Irene to spend some months with her.

Lady Ryeford was delighted, for at the Abbey there was little chance of her daughter meeting an eligible suitor.

Husband and wife led the most quiet life imaginable.

They were kindly hospitable people, who contented themselves with giving a dinner occasionally to their neighbors.

It was not a very lively house, one would have thought, for a young girl; but Irene liked it.

There were no show, no affectation, no continuous appeal made to the worst part of her nature, to her vanity, ambition, and absence of everything worldly, mercenary.

She was very happy there, free and unfettered, being allowed to roam in the woods and fields, allowed to read and to think without continual reference to her complexion.

It was there, in the open country, within sound of a rushing river, or in the deep hush of the woods, that her girlish mind first became imbued with noble ideas and lofty aspirations.

Never would the life of fashion in Park Lane please her more.

Never would the *bijou* house, with its luxury and its stifling atmosphere, again content her.

How well in the after-years she remembered the first few weeks at Froude Abbey! It was then that the dark eyes, eloquent with a thousand thoughts, tried to pierce the future.

Her "story" came, as everything comes to those who wait.

A handsome, but at that time briefless, young barrister, Arran Darleigh, the nephew of Sir William, had worked too hard, and his doctors strongly advised a rest.

When Sir William heard it, he insisted at once that the "boy," as he called him, must come to Froude; the fresh bracing air and the quiet regular life would be the thing for him.

So Arran Darleigh came to Froude.

What a sweet brief story it was—so brief it seemed hardly sufficient to color a life—but, ah, so sweet!

She saw him at first on a July evening.

He was not handsome: but he had a fine face, frank and true, a broad open forehead, with clustering fair hair, dark eyes and brows, a firm mouth, a tall erect figure.

He was altogether the type of man to strike a girl's fancy, courteous in manner and speech, and self-possessed, without one particle of affectation.

There are some faces in this world that irresistibly attract love, not because they are beautiful—the charm they possess is nameless, but it attracts love as surely as the magnet attracts the needle.

Arran had one of those faces, always changing in expression and always equally charming.

Irene was watching the sunset as he came up the long avenue of chestnuts.

They were soon good friends.

At first the young barrister was disposed to treat the beautiful dark-eyed girl as a child.

He soon changed his mind.

When he had talked to her once or twice, he found that, keen and clever as he was himself, she was more than his equal.

Her grasp of every subject was marvellous, her quickness and apprehension wonderful.

"What a clever man you would have made!" said Arran to her one day.

She looked up at him quickly.

"I would rather be a clever woman," she said.

He found afterwards that, with all her strength of intellect and grasp of mind, she was thoroughly feminine.

She had heard nothing of the rights of women.

She knew nothing of the progress women were making in some of the professions; she was content to believe that to men the toilsome and great work of the world had been assigned, and that they were best fitted to perform it.

* * * * * *

Irene was singing a sweet old song over and over again as she stood in the moonlight.

Sir William and Lady Darleigh, under cover of reading the newspapers after dinner, had retired to the drawing-room, and were enjoying a comfortable nap.

They were sure the young people could amuse each other—and the young people were certainly not disinclined to agree with them.

They had fallen desperately in love with each other; and prudence had been cast to the winds.

That he was poor and that she was even poorer mattered nothing; that neither of them had any prospects, that both were without influence, troubled them little; they loved each other.

Arran had gone out with his cigar, and Irene had walked to the terrace to wait there for him; a faint breeze was stirring the leaves, in the distance was the gleam of the river.

Over and over again she sang the sweet words.

She knew the way by which he would come to her—by the bank of the river and round by the chestnuts.

That night in the pale moonlight, Arran told her that he loved her, and asked her to be his wife.

Her heart throbbed with ecstasy.

Love is but a passing fancy with some people.

It was a vital matter to her; and from that moment until death Arran and she were never parted in heart or in spirit.

They deliberated earnestly whether they ought to tell Sir William and Lady Darleigh of their engagement before it was made known to Lady Ryeford.

Irene said "No," and Arran was of her opinion.

It would be better, he said, for him to go direct to Lady Ryeford and ask her consent.

After that the weeks passed as in a happy dream, till Lady Ryeford returned from Paris and sent Henrietta, her maid, to bring Irene home.

The pain of parting seemed bitter as death.

Arran said he should not remain long at Froude Abbey, and, when he returned to London, he felt sure that he should win Lady Ryeford's consent to their engagement.

He should not always be a briefless barrister; he had been industrious all his life, and he would work as no man had ever worked to make his way in the world. So, although the parting was bitter, it was not hopeless; they would very soon meet again.

Irene went home, and, keen as Lady Ryeford was, she did not notice the alteration in her—how the girl had passed from childhood to womanhood.

As a matter of course, Arran called when she had been at home a few days.

"Arran Darleigh?" she said, as she took the card from the footman.

"I do not know him. Is he a nephew of Sir William Darleigh? I have never met him."

"Dear mamma," said Irene gently, "I know him very well.

"I have not had time to tell you all about my visit yet.

"Mr. Arran Darleigh was at Froude some part of the time. He is a barrister, and very clever."

Lady Ryeford, looking at her daughter's face, saw a bright flush on it, and suspicion entered her mind.

"I ought to have been told of this at the time," she said.

"However, we must not keep Mr. Darleigh waiting.

"Show him in."

The footman did as he was bidden and a minute later Mr. Arran Darleigh entered the pretty drawing-room.

Irene and he had parted with kisses and tears, with tender words, with pledges of fidelity that was to be eternal. They met again in silence and constraint, yet with delight too great for words.

Lady Ryeford by this time felt confident as to what had happened.

This briefless young barrister and her foolish unworldly daughter had fallen in love.

They must "fall out again" as quickly as possible, she mentally decided; and certainly it was the last time that Mr. Arran Darleigh should enter her house.

She received him civilly, if not courteously, talking to him pleasantly enough about Sir William and Lady Darleigh, about Froude Abbey and the neighborhood.

"I did not know you were there," she said with a cold smile. Irene did not tell me."

"I did not write often, mamma," put in the girl, with a tell-tale blush—"not so often as I should have done."

Not one moment did Lady Ryeford leave the unhappy lovers together.

They had no chance of saying a word to each other.

Arran had made up his mind that he would not leave the house without telling Lady Ryeford of the engagement.

He asked to speak to her alone, and she led him coldly enough to Sir Alton's study.

She enjoyed his discomfort. She would not ask him to sit down, but stood erect, with her most dignified air.

"What have you to say to me, Mr. Darleigh?" she asked freezingly.

"I have no wish to hurry you, but my time is precious."

It was hard to open his heart in reply to such cold words, but honestly and eloquently he told her of his love, his ambition, his plans in life.

Lady Ryeford laughed him to scorn. His plans were not to be thought of for a single moment, and the sooner he gave up every idea of them the better for himself. She intended her daughter to make a very different kind of marriage.

Stung by her pride and her disdain, he hinted that it was just possible Miss Ryeford might like to choose for herself. That was the most fatal speech he could have made.

Lady Ryeford grew more indignant, declaring that Sir William and Lady Darleigh had been guilty of a gross breach of trust and that he himself played a dishonorable part.

They were hard words for one so proud as Arran to brook; but he could bear much for Irene's sake.

He tried to appease Lady Ryeford, to reason with her; pointing out how many men with even fewer opportunities than he had had risen to the highest rank.

But she looked contemptuous, and simply replied that she refused to hear another word upon the matter.

Neither entreaties nor prayers moved her.

"You will break Irene's heart!" cried the lover, almost beside himself when he thought of what she must suffer.

"Better that than to see her in poverty, her life wasted in struggles and delusive hopes."

"You are very cruel, Lady Ryeford," he said bitterly. "I did not think it was in the heart of any woman to be so utterly pitiless."

"The day will come when you will see things differently, Mr. Darleigh. I know that what I am doing is kindest and best," she returned—"best for her, and best for you."

"We shall never think so, Lady Ryeford.

"You have refused your consent to what would have been a happy marriage. I will never ask her to disobey you, but I shall never love nor marry any other woman; I shall remain true to her as long as I live."

"Of course you can please yourself about that," said Lady Ryeford; "but you must not write to her or attempt to see her."

"And then," she thought to herself, "the whole affair will come to nothing." But in that she was mistaken.

Arran asked one favor—that he might see Irene and tell her the result of the interview.

"That would indeed be foolish," said Lady Ryeford.

"If you saw each other, all would be undone.

"I will tell my daughter myself what my decision is, and she shall write to you."

This was final.

He left the house a sorely disappointed man longing in vain for a glimpse of his love.

Lady Ryeford summoned Irene to the room.

When she appeared, Henrietta was dismissed, and then her mother began her task.

"Sit down, my dear," she said; "I have a great deal to say to you. I will not reproach you, Irene; but you should not have kept this matter from me."

"Do you mean with regard to Arran Darleigh, mamma?"

"Yes.

"You ought to have written to me to say that he was at Froude Abbey?"

"You must believe, mamma, that I never had the faintest thought of concealing our acquaintance.

"I did not tell you of it at first because I did not think the matter would interest you.

"Believe also, mamma, that, when we found we liked each other, we agreed to tell you at once; but we were coming back to town, and it seemed so much easier to speak than to write."

"Well, you must understand one thing," said Lady Ryeford; "I would sooner see you dead than contract such a marriage as that."

The girl's face grew white and cold.

"Mamma," she said, "surely you will not be unkind to me about this? I—I have not been very happy, although you have done your best to make me so. Do not ruin my happiness now; I love Arran Darleigh with all my heart."

"You are not much more than sixteen—what can you know of life and love?" asked Lady Ryeford.

"Be reasonable.

"I should be a cruel mother to you if I allowed you to marry a penniless barrister without a brief."

"He will be rich some day, mamma, and famous.

"You do not know what talent, what genius he has."

"I do not," said Lady Ryeford drily; "nor does it matter.

"Even taking the rosiest of views, as you do, it must be many years before he can even offer you a home."

"I am willing to wait, mamma."

"But I am not willing. Are you to waste the best time of your life, youth, and beauty waiting for him?"

"I should not call them wasted, dear mamma."

"I should—worse than wasted.

"It would be almost a crime to allow such a thing."

"Mamma," pleaded the girl, "I fear I have not always been a comfort to you. I have been impatient and discontented. Grant me the desire of my heart, and I will be the best of daughters to you, devoted and submissive. Let me be happy in my own fashion."

Lady Ryeford shook her head gravely.

"I cannot," she replied. "As I said before, I would far rather see you dead than married to Arran Darleigh. You know, Irene, that you have the gift of exceptional beauty."

"I know you think so, mamma," said the girl.

"My dear, the world owns it. If I could ever persuade you to do as I wish, your success would be great."

"Mamma dear, this has nothing to do with Arran."

"It has everything to do with him. Why should all your great gifts be thrown away upon a man in such a position? I have struggled to keep my place in society so that you might marry well—and indeed you ought to marry as well as any girl in England."

"So I shall, if you will let me marry the man I love.

"Mamma, you must know that brains are worth more than money, and that it is far better for a man to be born clever than rich.

"Arran will be one of the first men in England before many years pass over his head.

"Sir William says so."

"Sir William may be an excellent judge of sheep, my love, but he is no judge of men," said her ladyship blandly. "Irene you can be a sensible girl when you like; listen attentively to what I am about to say.

"Suppose that I gave my consent to the marriage—what then?

"You would take a small house in the country or rooms in town; you would have barely enough to live upon; society, fashion, the world, would be closed to you; you would sink into a domestic drudge at eighteen.

"Better were it that you should die in all the brightness of your youth and beauty! I appeal to you, Irene—you know my ambition.

"Sacrifice what is merely a girl's fancy. There are several eligible men looking out for a wife; why not try to captivate one of them?"

"A title has no attraction for me, mamma. I would rather marry Arran."

Then Lady Ryeford rose, stately and wrathful.

"You will never marry Arran with my consent," she said.

"While I live, he shall never enter my house; nor will I consent that you should ever see him."

Irene's face grew prouder and sterner.

"Let us understand each other, mamma," said Irene.

"I am sorry that I can give you no promise of obedience.

"I love Arran, and have promised to be his wife; and I cannot break my promise. I will never stoop to anything clandestine; but, if I meet him or see him anywhere, that is another matter.

"If he sends me a letter, I shall answer it—you can always read both—and I shall keep my pledge to him until I die."

There the conversation ended; and from that hour a deadly struggle had been going on between mother and daughter. This was the love-story told by Irene's beautiful face, this was the "something" that had puzzled and interested the Earl.

Lady Ryeford had continued rigidly inflexible; Irene remained true to her pledge.

The mother took her daughter to fashionable parties, to balls, to the Opera; but Irene hated the whole dreary round, and amongst all who disputed for the honor of a dance, a word, a smile, there was not one who could say that he had received the slightest mark of favor from her.

No love-story could have been more hopeless than Irene's; but both she and Arran had faith and hope.

They met occasionally. Once or twice they had happened to be at the Opera on the same evening, and Arran had left the stalls and gone to the box where his beautiful young love was sitting. Once they met in the park, and on several occasions in the streets.

Then they enjoyed a few moments of perfect happiness, and renewed the promise that was to bind them till death. Once, when Irene and Lady Ryeford were driving along Piccadilly in an open carriage belonging to Mrs. Carhampton, they passed Arran.

He bowed low.

Lady Ryeford affected not to see him, and after that his name was not mentioned in Park Lane.

Arran was working hard and he saw success in the future.

When any piece of good luck befell him he wrote to Irene and told her.

The girl lived on his letters. She had not received any for some days before the Earl's arrival, and that perhaps was why she had felt so desolate.

One thing was certain.

This great love, which she held as the dearest thing in life, kept her pure and spotless from the world.

It brought to life all her noblest qualities, and into activity those powers which, if she had been a perfectly happy woman, would have lain dormant.

CHAPTER VI.

IRENE asked herself whether she should confide her queer love-story to the Earl.

The more she saw of him the more she liked him.

There was a noble simplicity about him, a belief in others, which touched her heart.

He was so easily deceived; he thought so well of every one; he never suspected meanness or underhand dealings. Irene had grown almost to love him now that she saw so much of him; and he liked to sit and talk to her about his boys.

"I think," he said to her one day, "that you and Daphne Erlecote are the two dearest girls I have ever met. If my boys had lived, I should have liked one to marry you and the other Daphne.

Irene laughed and shook her head, longing to tell him of the only man she could ever love or marry.

She did not seek to comfort him as Daphne had.

She never talked to him of the day when the sea would give up its dead, or of the time when he would understand that what he thought a blow was but a blessing in disguise.

She sympathized cordially with his disappointment, his bitter unavailing sorrow that his boys should have died in the springtide of youth.

Irene had not a trace of avarice in her nature; of self-aggrandisement she never thought.

She had no love of riches for their own sake; she would have been well pleased if she had a fortune to give Arran; but she had never dreamed that the Earl had any intention of adopting her, or of leaving her any of his wealth.

As for scheming to secure his favor, she would sooner have thought of forging his name.

Now that the time was drawing near for the visit to Poole, Lady Ryeford talked of nothing else.

She spent the happiest fortnight of her life perhaps while the one thousand dollars lasted.

She went from shop to shop, discovering bargains that were perfectly astonishing.

"We shall have a complete wardrobe to take with us to Poole," she said to her daughter.

"Though you are indifferent about dress, when you see what I have bought for you, you must be pleased.

"But, Irene, you do not seem to me to care about Poole."

"Yes, I do, mamma.

"I like the Earl, and I shall be pleased to see his home and everything that interests him; but I do not like leaving London."

As Lady Ryeford understood the reason why, she said no more.

Neither Poole nor any other place could interest Irene when Arran Darleigh was not near.

Lord Cradoc, having done all that was possible, had gone back to Poole, there to make arrangements for the reception of his young visitors.

He had much to tell Lady Marcia Hyde; and, listening to him, she grew almost as bewildered as he himself.

He talked to her of Daphne's flower-like face and golden head—of her happy, blithe disposition, her love of flowers, poetry, pictures, her self-sacrificing nature, her cheerful, bright contentment under conditions that would have been intolerable to most girls.

He spoke of her light-heartedness, her serenity, while her father spent on his Utopian scheme the money that should have been accumulating for her.

"Do you mean to tell me," said Lady Marcia Hyde, with wide-open eyes, "that Mr. Erlecote will leave nothing for Miss Daphne?"

"I do not see that she will have even two hundred and fifty dollars to call her own," replied the Earl.

"Mr. Erlecote has spent his all on pictures for the 'Erlecote Gallery,' which he intends leaving to the town of Northfield. I do not think that it will occur to him to leave even the value of a single picture to Daphne.

"Yet she is as happy as can be. When she smiles her face is like a seraph's."

"How you love her!" cried Lady Marcia Hyde.

"Yes," said the Earl, with unconscious warmth, "I do indeed!"

"He has certainly settled everything in his own mind," Lady Marcia thought to herself.

"Daphne Erlecote will be Countess of Cradoc."

"Did you invite Mr. Erlecote?" she asked.

"I did; but he declined.

"To him the color of a geranium-leaf, the tint of a rosy cloud, the light and shade of a landscape are of more importance than Poole and all that belongs to it. He cannot help it, Marcia.

"His soul is absorbed in his art. He is interested in his daughter on account of her exquisite coloring.

"She is a beautiful picture to him, nothing more.

"He has painted a portrait of her which I should like to buy; but no one dares mention such a thing to him as the purchase of a picture."

"Why he must be a madman!" cried Lady Marcia.

"He is a genius who has grown morbid, almost mad, over an idea. Yet Daphne's patience never fails her.

"I do not see that she has any pleasure or enjoyment in life, except such as she derives from her great love of flowers."

"She will find plenty of flowers here," said Lady Marcia complacently.

"Yes, she will be as happy as the day is long.

"By-the-by, Marcia, it is a strange thing, but she has the Cradoc characteristics—blue eyes, fair face and golden hair. There is something in her face that reminds me of Alaric."

"Ah, that being the case, she is sure to be Countess of Cradoc!" said Lady Marcia Hyde to herself.

"Which suite of rooms shall be prepared for her?" she asked.

"The sunny ones overlooking the flower-garden," replied the Earl.

"She will like those best, and they will suit her.

"And you will see that the rooms are made as pleasant as possible?

"Marcia have plenty of flowers; see that some good pictures are hung; and let her have plenty of books.

"Dear Daphne!

"When you hear her laugh, you will say it is like a chime of sweet bells.

"If I gave her a name, it would be 'Sun-

shine;' she makes every place so very bright."

"He must have soon decided," thought Lady Marcia.

"I wonder if he gave the other girl any chance?"

She wished he would speak to her on the point: it would set her mind at rest.

"Do you think I shall love Daphne, Thane?" she asked.

"I believe," he replied, "that every one who sees her loves her.

"All the people in Northfield worship her.

"It was pleasant to mention her name; every face brightened so. There is no fear, Marcia; the only thing is, you may love her too much."

"No; I shall never do that," declared Lady Marcia Hyde.

"I shall never again in this world love any one as I loved your boys, Thane. I shall guard against that."

The Earl sighed.

"Daphne will steal into your heart as she did into mine," he said.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Felicia.

BY M. M. G.

YOUNG Mrs. Hardon felt it incumbent upon her to speak to her mother.

On the strength of six months of married life, she arrogated to herself the function of keeping a watchful eye on all his dealings with her own sex, and this afternoon, when she had met him at Brighton Station, the fact that he had carefully deposited a fellow-traveler in a fly before even turning to shake hands with her, had naturally aroused her suspicions.

"Who was your companion down Frank?" she inquired, as soon as they had reached her pleasant rooms, and were sitting over the five o'clock tea-table.

Frank Neville, a tall, finely-built young man of about twenty-seven, rose from his seat and leant against the mantelpiece as he answered with a laugh—

"I must say, Loo, you don't beat about the bush when you are inquisitively inclined.

"Suppose I say I don't know?"

"But I see you do," persisted Mrs. Hardon.

"Not exactly," he replied.

"She is a Miss Dale, and after traveling all the way from Victoria with her, I made her acquaintance at Preston Park, where she discovered that she had either lost or accidentally come without her purse.

"The guard began to be rather insolent, and I couldn't well avoid paying for her to shut him up.

"I also heard that she had come to Brighton to nurse a sister just recovering from a long illness at school, and that is all I know about her.

"I should think now, Loo, it would be an excellent thing if you would call and take her out for a drive occasionally.

"A girl of that age is sure to get out of sorts if she is left to mope in a sick-room all day."

Mrs. Hardon's face had all along expressed a prudent disapproval of his conduct, but at his last suggestion swift alarm and amazement raised her eyebrows, and opened her lips wide.

"My dear boy, where do you get your extraordinary notions from?" she exclaimed, dropping her handscreen and throwing herself back in her chair.

"Will you kindly make clear to me what possible business it is of mine to look after the health and spirits of a girl who is a complete stranger to me, and practically to you, merely because it has fallen to her share to nurse an invalid sister?"

"Oh, pooh, Loo!" returned her brother, more euphoniously than courteously.

"Don't excite yourself.

"I can answer for her being a lady; you couldn't do better than make her acquaintance."

Mrs. Hardon puckered up her pretty face wisely.

"I dare say you are right, dear; but I confess that I prefer to make my friends in a rather less casual fashion."

"Very well," observed Neville, shrugging his shoulders, "I put it in your way to do a kindly action, and you turn Pharisee and decline.

"I have no more to say."

Mrs. Hardon deftly turned the conversation, but she had noted with real concern his unusual resentment, his curt words, and impatient gesture.

A few days passed without any further reference being made to his fellow-traveler: then, one morning on the pier, he drew her attention to a girl in a bath-chair, accompanied by her sister.

"That is the Miss Dale I came down with," he said, with a shade of pride in his voice, as though that fact alone conferred distinction on him.

The sisters were at some distance, and Mrs. Hardon, while only replying to his remark by a careless "Indeed!" was able without rudeness, to take careful stock of them both.

The invalid was a pretty, mischievous-looking child of fourteen or fifteen, but there certainly was a singularly charming air about the elder one.

She was simply yet gracefully dressed, and the clear-tinted, delicately chiselled face, spoilt by no painful adjacency of unbecoming color, seemed stamped by candor, sweetness, and refinement.

Mrs. Hardon was seized by a desire to make the acquaintance she had so recently scouted, and the discovery that the lady in charge of the girls was her own old schoolmistress rendered it easy for her to obtain an introduction.

She crossed over to the quiet little group, and soon Neville was blissfully occupied in making small talk to Miss Dale, and noting fresh ways in which she was different and superior to any girl he had ever met before.

Everything about her was exquisite—her face, her voice, her dress, and, above all, her manner, which, for all its ease and unconsciousness, was just appreciably distant as became a lady to his thinking.

After this meeting the acquaintance made rapid progress, and was watched over by two sisters with eager curiosity and interest.

"Felicia, what do you think of Mr. Neville?" inquired Lily Dale of her sister one evening, taking an invalid's liberty of speech.

Felicia hesitatated a moment, then answered without embarrassment—

"I like him.

"He is not clever, I dare say; but there is something very English and straightforward about him."

"You like him," repeated Lily, screwing up her eyes and looking intensely knowing; "anything more, Fay?"

"If you were not still a bit of an invalid, I should answer that very impertinent question by a good scolding," said Felicia, laying her hand lightly over the child's lips.

"As it is, I will pass it over, on condition that you do not transgress again."

Lily sighed.

Confidences were so delicious, she wished her sister would not be so chary of them.

In truth, Felicia could not have given the question any very definite answer had she wished to.

The daughter of an eminent counsellor, whose delight it was to gather in its drawing-room men of note in every calling, she had been accustomed from her childhood to society of exceptionally high intellectual level, and Neville could not fail to compare unfavorably with many rising men in her father's circle of friends.

On the other hand, the chords of her woman's admiration for manly physique and vigor, and of her woman's responsiveness to sincere, honesty manifested love, were both struck by Neville, whose best qualities were his simplicity, pluck, and power of devotion.

If he had only waited he might have been spared many troubled hours, but he was not sagacious enough to bide his time, and when the last day of his stay at Brighton arrived, he blurted out a declaration of love, which was met by a gentle rebuke and refusal.

However, he was not so cast down as the circumstances might have warranted, for he saw that his error had been chiefly one of over-precipitation, and determined to try again later on.

He crossed over to Ireland to pay a promised visit to a Mr. Stedall, and soon afterwards both the Dales and the Hardons returned to town for Christmas.

Felicia did not forget her love-episode at Brighton, for doubt is as persistent as hope, and it was constantly borne in upon her that she had made a mistake.

One quiet Sunday the terrible report spread like wildfire over London of an assassination in Ireland.

"Murder of Mr. Neville!" roared the newspaper criers up and down the reverberating streets.

"Gallant struggle of Mr. Frank Stedall with the murderer!"

Felicia Dale was sitting with her mother and Lily when she heard the horrible words.

A cry of sudden anguish burst from her blanched lips, and she fell forward in her chair, covering her face with her hands.

Mrs. Dale looked at her daughter in astonishment, but Lily understood in a moment, and hastily whispered an explanation to her mother, who, in great anxiety, led Felicia up-stairs to her own room.

The shock had been a terrible one, and all night long the girl lay, not restless or sobbing, but in a deathly stupor, conscious of nothing but that she loved Neville, and that for some indistinct, awful reason, nothing but pain could ever come of her love.

Next morning Lily came rushing into the darkened room with a morning paper in her hand, and then, as Felicia neither spoke nor moved, the quick-hearted child flung her arms round her sister's neck, and cried, with happy tears in her eyes—

"Fay, darling, don't be miserable, it is all right; the first telegrams jumbled up the names.

"It is Mr. Stedall who is killed, and Mr. Neville who struggled with the murderer. He is only badly hurt, not killed."

Life and color returned rapidly to Felicia's face, and she sat up to read for herself the corrected account, in which Neville was praised to the skies for his capture of the murderer at the imminent risk of his own life.

The girl gave open vent to her happiness, too thankful at this moment to show any false shame at the remembrance of her betrayal of feeling before her mother and Lily, with whom she knew her secret would be safe.

"Lily, if he had been killed, I could not have borne it," she whispered, breaking into a sob of relief.

It was about a fortnight after this that Neville, with his arm in a sling, and a great scar on his forehead, entered his sister's pretty drawing-room in Kensington.

She welcomed him with a great demonstration of pride in his prowess, and delight in his safety, and then began nervously—

"Frank, you know I hadn't asked you to my musical party next Tuesday, because I expected the Dales, and—and I thought you would rather not meet Miss Dale.

"But now that you are the hero of the hour, your absence would be so commented on that I hope you will come.

"Would you find it very awkward?"

"My dear Loo," replied her brother, "I was coming anyhow.

"Don't flatter yourself I should have stayed away merely because I wasn't invited.

"Besides, you are quite out of it in supposing I have the least reluctance to meet Miss Dale: there is nothing I am more anxious to do."

"Really, dear boy!" exclaimed Mrs. Hardon, delighted; "that is an immense relief to me.

"You see I couldn't well put off Miss Dale, because she has promised to sing: and I didn't know what to do."

Neville assured her it was all right, and waited impatiently for Tuesday evening. At last it arrived, and at last Mr. and Mrs. Dale and the Misses Dale were announced.

Frank saw only one of the group—Felicia, far more beautiful than he had ever dreamt her, in her evening dress, with a brilliant light in her dark eyes, and a flush upon her cheek, occasioned, had he only known it, by his presence.

For the moment he had no chance of exchanging more than a hasty greeting with her, for every one who arrived was anxious to congratulate him on his recent exploit, and he could not, without brusquerie, fail to respond cordially to the many expressions of good will.

Presently Felicia was called upon to sing, and there was a general hush, for such a voice as hers was not to be heard every day.

Never in her life had she felt so nervous, so incapable of steadying the coming and going of her breath, yet never had she sung with more effect, for the just perceptible tremor in the pure contralto voice lent it even more sweetness and pathos than it always possessed, and made exquisitely perfect her rendering of the simple old ballad she had chosen.

Immediately the song was over, Neville seized his opportunity and led her out of the room, on the pretext of procuring her an ice.

But when they reached the hall he suggested that it was pleasantly cool there—should they wait and listen to the next song?

Felicia inclined her head in assent, and then, as she leant back in a convenient recess, Neville had his say.

I need not repeat either his words, or hers in answer.

When later on in the evening, after an unconscionably long absence, they returned to the drawing-room.

Lily's remonstrances and inquisitive glances were met by a triumphant whisper from Neville—

"Don't you interfere with Felicia any more.

"She has put herself into my hands for good and always."

A LOCK OF HAIR.—Far more unlikely repositories of a love token, or tender pledge of the affections, would suggest themselves, one would say, to even the most inquisitive collector of such relics than a tree.

Yet a lock of hair once bestowed by some generous maid upon a too-secretive lover has recently been discovered in such a locality indicated above.

A few weeks ago, upon the farm of one Siam Evans, near Bethel, England, an oak tree, three feet six inches in diameter, was felled, and sawn up into planks. One of these in due course found its way to a carpenter's shop, where it attracted attention by an odd-looking branch-like knot traversing its substance.

This knot, excised from the plank out of sheer curiosity by one of the workmen, proved to be a hollow peg of yew, containing a lock of bright red hair, to which, as the objects "in amber" referred to by Pope in his epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, were peculiarly applicable the lines: "The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare, but wonder how they got there!"

Further investigation demonstrated that a hole had been bored into the trunk of the oak tree with an inch auger, and that the plug of yew, freighten with love's gift, had been driven into the aperture thus prepared for its reception.

In course of time the wound inflicted upon the tree had healed over the plug so effectually that the portion of the trunk under which the ruddy look lay concealed exhibited no fewer than two hundred and fifty "rings," each one representing a year's growth of the brave old oak, chosen A. D. 1632 by some careful swain as the hiding-place of his mistress's ringlet.

The difficulty of keeping a secret forever has seldom been more quaintly illustrated than by the accident that this heart of oak has been compelled to yield up its charge after preserving it so rigorously throughout two centuries and a half.

PLANTATION PHILOSOPHY.—De human family is so filled wid pride in life dat de desire for show does not stop at death. I's often known women ter perfess' ligion on dar death bed an' den tell what colored dress dey wanted to be buried in. Ef it tuck as much ob a struggle ter git drunk as it does ter git sober I nebber would hab laid out in de rain all night. De machinery ob dis life is a mighty contrary arrangement. De thing dat yer oughter do is mighty easy, but de thing yer oughter 'complish is powerful hard.

Bric-a-Brac.

GLASS SLIPPER.—A curious blunder of the translator, who has mistaken *vair* (sable), for *verre* (glass). Sable formerly was worn only by kings and princes.

TO WHAT USES.—In Rome Augustus' tomb is a variety theatre, Hadrian's mausoleums barracks, Nero's gardens the Pope's gardens, Cæsar's deathplace a greengrocer's, Marcellus' theatre a blacksmith's shop.

THE FIRST BORN.—The first white child born in North America was Virginia, daughter of Ananias and Eleanor Dare, and granddaughter to Governor John White. She was born the eighteenth of August, 1587, in Roanoke, North Carolina. Her parents were of the expedition sent out by Sir Walter Raleigh in that year. There is no record of her history, save that of her birth.

FOREIGN WONDERS.—A New Haven, Conn., physician, traveling last season in Germany, was so much taken with a diminutive clock exhibited in a window, that he bought it to take home as a curiosity. His surprise may be imagined when upon opening it to wind it up he found the imprint of the company whose manufactory was within half a dozen blocks of his own home at New Haven.

SOLOMON'S WISDOM.—When the Queen of Sheba visited Solomon, it is said, she tried every means to assure herself not only of his superior wisdom, but also of the quickness of his perception. She placed before him, one day, two roses, one artificial but so well made that she defied the king to distinguish the false one from the real. He sent for a bee, which naturally alighted on the true one, and thus without approaching either was able to give his decision.

ABLE TO BUY FLOUR.—The Rothschilds are said to hold $400,000,000 in United States bonds, Baroness Burdett-Coutts-Bartlett $20,000,000, the Duke of Sutherland $5,000,000 and Sir Thomas Brassey $5,000,000. Among our own citizens W. H. Vanderbilt leads off with $37,000,000, instead of the $50,000,000 of last year; Jay Gould has $13,000,000 of registered bonds; Flood, of California has $15,000,000, and there are half a dozen with $10,000,000 each, while Moses Taylor, of New York, holds $5,000,000, and D. O. Mills $4,000,000.

SERVANTS.—Saxony has some very curious laws concerning servant girls. For instance, the mistress is required to allow the servant one pound of butter and one pound of coffee per month, or the equivalent in money. If the servant furnish her own bedding, she receives one and one-half cents extra per night for so doing. Seventy-five cents extra per month is allowed the servant for her washing, and she receives 5 per cent. on all purchases she makes. She must give a month's notice before leaving her place and must keep a book for recommendations, in which upon leaving her place, her mistress is compelled to state the cause of the servant's leaving and also what is her character.

THE CHILD CRITIC.—Dannecker, the German sculptor, worked for eight years upon his statue of Christ. At the end of two years he called a little girl into his studio, and, pointing to the figure, asked, 'Who is that?' The child replied, 'A great person.' The artist turned away disheartened. 'I have failed said he. I'll begin anew.' He did so; and, after some years of patient labor, he once again brought the same little maiden before the statue. 'Who is it now?' he inquired. After a long silent gaze, she bowed her head in adoration, and, with tears in her eyes, answered, 'It is He who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."' Then Dannecker knew that his work was a success.

A PRACTICAL MURDERER.—A late eminent tragedian, when starring in a country town, was announced to make his final appearance in Macbeth. During the rehearsals of the piece he remarked that the actor charged with the part of the First Murderer instead of standing apart in the banquet scene, persisted in planting himself in the middle of the stage, so as entirely to conceal Macbeth from the audience. This annoyed him greatly, and, not being the best-tempered man in the world, he intimated rather sharply to the offender that his directions were to be implicitely obeyed and that he should on no account leave the place assigned him. The super—for such he was—promised compliance, but at the last rehearsal completely forgot his instructions, and again took up his position in the centre of the stage. Finding all remonstrance useless, the incensed 'star' sent for the carpenter of the theatre, and, bade him fix a brass-headed nail exactly above the spot where the representative of Banquo's assassin was to stand; then, turning to the latter, enjoined him, in no very gentle terms, to keep his eye on the nail, and not move an inch from it. The eventful night arrived, and all went well until the important scene in question, when Macbeth, who had seated himself in the midst of his guests, and had uttered the words,

'Anon we'll drink a measure
The table round.'

beheld, to his horror, the First Murderer stealing across the stage with a perplexed air, and evidently in search of something. Enraged beyond measure at this climax of insubordination, the tragedian so far forgot himself as to mutter in a very audible whisper, 'Confound you! what are you doing?' 'Doing!' replied the super indignantly, to the intense amusement of the spectators, 'what should I be doing but looking for that blessed nail?'"

WHERE ARE THE TIMES.

BY F. H.

I wander where the summer glory lightens
A world of woods and ripening fields of corn;
I hear the silver brook that rippling brightens
In the glad wakening of another morn.
O, that these summer days could bring to me
One hour among the ferns and golden heather,
One hour of sunshine, such as used to be
When you and I were young and free together!
O, that the budding life of tree and flower
Could wake the freshness of the heart again,
That crimson sun and fleeting mirthful hour
Could rob the spirit of its care and pain!

A FALSE FRIEND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BARBARA GRAHAM," "ALMOST SACRIFICED," "MABEL MAY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER III.—[CONTINUED.]

HIS court jester," thinks the wicked young cynic.

"You are so kind!" returns Gabriel with a little quaver in her voice.

"It is dull at home; and it is pleasant to come here.

"Your sister is so kind and nice; and she always looks so happy, as if she always had some pleasant thought."

"So she has," rejoins Richard, with a peculiar deep ring in his voice.

"She is engaged to be married to the best fellow in the world."

Sophie has never heard this tone in his voice before.

When he speaks of Alice's engagement it is generally with a quizzical smile and gentle bantering remarks.

Gabriel makes no answer.

Perhaps she thinks that Alice has not got quite the best fellow in the world.

Just then Alice comes back.

"I can't find her," she announces.

"Where is the child now?" asks Richard laughing.

"At some mischief, I'll be bound."

"Always a child, always a baby.

"He does not talk to her so, and she is the same age," thinks Sophie.

"Well, we shall not wait.

"Will you come, Alice?

"It is a charming evening," her brother asks.

"No, thanks.

"I am a little tired after the great heat today."

And so the two pass out through the window, and Alice goes away.

The girl on the sofa sits up suddenly and pushes back her ruffled hair with both her little hands.

"It is horrid!" she says.

"Her eyes flashed in the dark, and her little foot tap impatiently on the carpet.

"Presently she jumps up and goes to the window.

"But I am horrid too.

"Of course he thinks me a child—I am one to him.

"And now I have been sulky and cross, and stayed here in the dark, being horrid instead of being nice to his visitor.

"And I owe him so much.

"He is so, so good, so utterly good to me, and I wouldn't do that much for him!

"Nasty creature I am!

"There, I'll go and meet him, and be good."

So Richard, coming down the wood path from the Manor, is surprised by a small apparition in white standing suddenly before him.

"Is it an elf, or Sophie?" he asks, starting back in pretended fright.

"It is Sophie," she replies.

"Then it is an imp," he says.

"Where have you appeared from, little woman?"

"Richard, I am horrid," she confesses, anxious to have it over.

"I was on the sofa all the time Miss Allington was there, and I heard you ask for me.

"I had a fit of the sulks—black sulks, Richard, and I would not answer."

"Sulks, Sophie.

"That is a new phase in your character," he says, drawing her hand within his arm, and rather wondering she does not put it there herself, as usual.

"Yes, and a short one.

"I shall never be sulky again," she says firmly.

"And what made you sulky, old girl?" he asks paternally.

"Oh, I don't know.

"Original sin and inherent wickedness, I suppose.

"It is not a nice state.

"I don't intend to try it again."

"Yes, do, just once, and call me.

"I should so like to see Sophie in the sulks."

"I shan't give you that pleasure then, sir."

On the doorsteps she pauses.

Alice has lighted the lamp, and sits waiting supper for them inside in the cosy little dining-room.

But Sophie has something to say, and she wishes to say it out here beneath the stars.

"Richard," she begins, with a timidity that is quite new in her manner towards him—"Richard, to-day I did not thank you for all you have done for me.

"No, let me speak!" she pleads earnestly, as he lays his finger on her lips.

"I must thank you.

"If only I could thank you!

"But please, please, know that I am grateful——"

"That is a word that must not be between us, my child," he says gravely.

"Hush!

"Let me speak.

"I can't tell you what I feel.

"I do feel so deeply——"

"Listen to me once for all," he interrupts, when he catches sight of a tear glistening on her cheek—he has not seen Sophie shed a tear since her baby-days.

"My dear child"—his voice growing concerned—"you take it too much to heart. I shall be sorry I told you."

He stoops and kisses her forehead; and the next moment he is left on the door-step alone.

At supper Sophie is in her very highest spirits.

Richard thinks she is the veriest little weather-cock he has ever seen.

She engages in a mock battle with him, and, on the pretext of being angry with him, she goes away to her room without giving him a good-night kiss—a circumstance that has never happened since he took her, a desolate orphan of three years old, to his heart and home.

CHAPTER IV.

RICHARD, come in to breakfast!" cries Alice one morning from the open breakfast-room window.

Sophie never comes down in time now to go out and fetch him in, as she did the morning of her birthday.

"And there are two letters for you, one with a German postmark.

"Whom do you know in Germany?"

"No one," returns Richard, coming in with two fresh rose-buds in his hand.

"But you know the old proverb about Tom Fool, dear.

"Here is a rose for you, and—— Where's the child?"

"Not down yet.

"She is getting lazy."

"Do you think she is not well?" he asks quickly.

"Oh, no!

"I dare say the heat of the weather tries her.

"She is such a firefly.

"She never rests."

But, as she speaks, the door opens, and Sophie comes in.

Richard is reading his letters, so she slips behind his chair without the customary morning greeting.

When he looks up, his brow is clouded, and he puts down his letter beside his plate with an air of perplexity.

Alice's quick eyes notice, but she forbears to question him.

She knows he will tell her soon enough.

There is a little arbor that Richard has made at the end of the lawn.

It is overshadowed by the branches of one of the Squire's pine-trees, and covered over with a luxuriant hop-plant.

Whilst a passion-flower, the pride of the young Doctor's heart, twines its tendrils round the rustic doorway.

It is a favorite retreat of Sophie's: and here Selden, looking for her a few hours after breakfast finds her.

She starts as Richard's figure fills up the doorway.

"What!" he says, standing there, smiling down at her with amused eyes.

"Are you setting up nerves, my lady, or is it affectation?"

"Affectation of course.

"Ever since I have heard that I am French, I have gone in for everything graceful, ladylike, and generally fascinating.

"I count nerves one of the most important qualifications in a fine lady's character."

"I don't admire them."

"Really?

"I thought you liked people gentle and die-away and easily frightened and confiding, and that sort of thing," she says, a little pettishly.

But he does not seem to hear her.

A frown lowers upon his brow, and he draws a vine-tendril absently through his fingers.

"Sophie," he says presently, passing his hand across his forehead as if to smooth the frown away.

"Well?"

"I must go away at once."

"Go away!" she cries.

"Where and when?"

"To Germany; and as soon as possible."

"But why?

"Whom do you know in Germany?"

"A friend of mine—a young fellow who studied with—Bob Leetch and me when we were grinding together.

"He went to one of the German Universities to pursue his studies; and to-day I have had a letter from him.

"I have not received a letter from him for a long time.

"I had heard that he was leading a very wild life."

"Well?" asks Sophie, as he pauses.

"Well, this morning I have had a most pitiful letter from the poor fellow.

"He is very ill, and in a hospital; and he is deeply in debt."

"But I suppose you can't pay his debts?" she says indignantly.

"No; I wish I could.

"But, poor boy, he is going, I am afraid, to pay his last great debt, and he asks me to go to him.

"He does so long, he says, to see a familiar face and hear a familiar voice speak his mother-tongue to him in his last moments; so I am going."

"And will you be long away?" she asks, a little plaintively.

"That I can't tell," he replies.

"No longer than I can help, you may be sure."

"Stupid person!" she says impetuously. "What does he mean by getting ill and making you go to him?

"When do you go?"

"To-morrow, I think; if I can manage it.

"Alice says I can."

So soon!

Why does she feel so distressed about it.

It is not that Richard is going away, that has often occurred before.

"There is something connected with this expedition that sends a chill to her heart. He comes in, and sits down beside her. He puts his arm round her shoulder and draws her to him in his usual caressing manner.

"Little woman, you are very cross today," he says, passing his hand over her hair, with a light brotherly touch. "You have not told me you are sorry I am going away."

"Of course I am sorry," she answers quietly.

"I must leave you something to do for me while I am away, so that you won't forget me."

"What shall it be?

"The care of the garden?"

"Yes," he says mockingly.

"Nice Eden it would be on my return! Those small hands are willing, but not efficient.

"Besides, their owner is afflicted with a memory not uncommonly short."

"I shall not forget if you wish," she says, still in the same quiet tone.

"No, my child.

"I'll ask Miss Allington to send one of her gardeners to have an occasional look at the place."

Sophie draws away from him.

"Where are you going?" he asks, detaining her.

"I am going to see if Alice wants me."

"Oh, leave her alone!

"She can get on well enough, and I want you to stay here and talk to me."

"What shall I say?"

"What a question for Sophie to ask!

"That is a role you require no prompting in, I think."

"What is this man's name?" she says, by way of beginning.

"'This man' means poor Harold, I suppose—Harold Beauchamp."

"What a pretty name!

"What is he like?"

"He is big and good-looking enough."

"Like you?

"But no, you are not good-looking.

"Your greatest friends could not pretend that.

"Has he any relatives?"

"I believe none very near.

"He has had the misfortune of having about five hundred dollars a year of his own."

"Why misfortune?"

"Because it has made him idle.

"If he had had to work as other men do for their daily bread, he would have been a better man.

"But having a little, and yet not enough, has been his ruin."

"Has he been so very bad?" she queries eagerly.

"Wild enough," returns Richard, shaking his head.

"How delightful!

"I should like to see him."

"Should you?

"Why, may I ask?"

"Oh, for a change!

"I have seen no men but the Squire and you and the Rector, and you are all good. I like variety."

Richard's laugh is a little forced.

He does not particularly care to be classed with the Squire and the Rector, venerable old gentleman that they are.

At this moment he feels an inclination to declare that he has been one of the worst reprobates that ever lived; but truth compels him to be silent.

"I must go and see the Squire to-night," he says, when he does speak.

"And Gabriel," says Sophie pertly.

"Yes, poor girl: she has a very dismal life of it, shut up there in that great house, with only her father, and they don't get on well together."

"I am sure I find him a most delightful old man," remarks the girl.

"But you and Gabriel are very different. You please him with your bright independent ways and your fearless speeches.

"She is so gentle and frightened and timid, and therefore he is impatient with her."

It is Sophie's turn now.

She feels a wild longing to be characterized as gentle and frightened and timid, and inwardly resolves to make no more fearless speeches.

"Richard, when you see Harold Beauchamp, will you tell him, with my compliments, that I hate him?"

"I think," he says gently, "if you were to remember that I may not be in time to see the poor fellow alive, that you would not speak in that way."

"Oh, you'll be in time, sure enough!" she returns recklessly.

"It is only in novels people get in time to receive last sighs and that kind of thing. Harold Beauchamp has not the least intention of dying."

"You talk like the foolish child you are," he says half-reprovingly.

"I should not wonder if he came back here with you."

"I think it is very unlikely," answers Richard gravely.

"Well, I think it is very likely.

"And I shall be very sorry if he does."

"A moment since you were wishing to see him."

"I dare say.

"Now I have changed my mind."

"Since when had you one to change?

"There now—forgive me; I won't tease you on our last day together.

"Will you come up to the Squire's with me this evening?"

She hesitates a moment, then she nods her head in assent.

"I may as well take one last walk alone with him," she says to herself, in the evening after tea, as she goes to get ready.

But when she comes downstairs she finds that Alice is going too; so she has no last walk alone with Richard.

Coming home in the soft gloom beneath the stars, Sophie overhears him say to his sister—

"The Squire has been very good, Alice; he lent me the money."

After he has departed, she asks Alice if Richard has had to borrow money of the Squire.

"Don't look so horrified, dear," answers Alice.

"A poor country doctor has not money at his command like that.

"Richard has a certain sum he has been able to put by; but he could not get at it at once.

"So he asked the Squire, who has always shown himself so friendly.

"It is not much.

"I shall be able to pay the Squire to-morrow or the next day.

"It was an urgent case so Richard broke his life-long rule and borrowed."

"I hate Harold Beauchamp!" says Sophie energetically when she is alone.

"To make him borrow from her father!"

And, with a stamp of her small foot, she goes into Richard's garden and commences her work of keeping it tidy, and with such success that Alice is shocked at the crimson sunburnt countenance that presents itself to her view at the tea-table.

"I am sure Richard would rather his garden were spoiled," she remonstrates, "than your complexion."

"I am sure of no such thing," retorts Sophie.

"He loves his stupid flowers more than any one in this world except——"

But she does not finish her sentence.

After tea, Alice goes to write to Bob, and Sophie settles herself on the sofa.

Soon the letters of her book dance before her eyes, the little head nods, and she sleeps and dreams—dreams that Richard is standing beckoning to her from the other side of a great ravine, but Gabriel Allington and a man she takes to be Harold Beauchamp hold her back on either hand, that she may not cross to him.

And, stretching out both her hands to him with a little yearning cry, she wakes to find Alice still writing in the window.

Far away, a train is rushing towards the coast, amongst fields and woods, through the darkening landscape, ever farther and farther; and Richard, throwing his newspaper on the opposite seat, looks at his watch, and wonders what they are doing at home.

CHAPTER V.

I WONDER what this man is like?" says Sophie with a pout, as she and Alice stroll slowly up and down the platform of the little station.

"'This man' means Mr. Beauchamp, I conclude?" queries Miss Selden.

"Yes, naturally.

"I am sure he is detestable."

"How very decidedly you say that! I believe he is extremely handsome and fascinating in manner."

"Who said so?" asks the young girl, with a rebellious tone in her voice that implies that she at least knows better than that. "I asked Richard one day, and all he could say was that he was tall and dark.

"Indeed I forget if he said so much, or if I am indebted to my imagination for those items."

"Bob told me once he was one of the handsomest men he ever saw," remarks Miss Selden.

"The train is three minutes over-due now, Carson, isn't it?"

"Yes, m'm," answers the porter she addresses.

"I'spo there aint been a haccident."

"Bird of ill omen!" grumbles Sophie. "I hate handsome men!"

"Is that remark called forth by Carson's outward appearance?"

"No; but you say this Mr. Beauchamp is handsome.

"I hate him!

"I know he is horrid."

"You will change your mind soon, I dare say.

"If you greet the youth with the same intensely amiable expression of countenance that you wear at this moment, I think he will be likely to form similar opinions of you."

"It is quite the same to me what he thinks.

"Here's the train at last.

"Shall I go out and hold the pony?" Sophie asks, with a sudden and unaccountable fit of shyness coming over her.

"No, my dear child; you are dreaming, I think.

"Has that pony ever evinced the slightest uneasiness at the proximity of a train in his existence?"

"No; but the engine is shrieking so. I am sure he'll bolt," pleads Sophie.

"I am sure he'll do no such thing.

"There's Richard!"

There is Richard, sure enough.

His frank smiling face turns to them, even while he helps a gentleman out of the carriage.

Alice goes quickly forward to welcome her brother and his guest; Sophie stays where she is.

Mr. Beauchamp looks very ill and unde-

nishly handsome, as he shakes hands with Alice, leaning heavily on Richard meanwhile.

"Have you brought any trap, Alice?" asks Richard loftily.

"Yes; I have borrowed Gabriel's pony-carriage.

"I hope it will not be too cold for Mr. Beauchamp, but we have plenty of rugs and wraps.

"The Squire had gone over to Leyton in the carriage, so I could not have it."

"I am sorry to be the cause of so much trouble, Miss Selden," says Beauchamp somewhat feebly, but with a peculiarly sweet smile.

"And, when I am a little rested, I must apologize for being here at all.

"It is not my fault.

"You must scold Selden; he made me come."

"And quite right he was too," responds Alice heartily.

She has the same genial smile that lights up Richard's face so well, only Alice has so much better-founded claims to beauty than her brother.

They pass through the little waiting-room, and Richard helps his friend into the pony-phaeton.

"You see I am not a Hercules yet, Miss Selden," he pants, as Richard wraps him up carefully.

"I say, Selden, old fellow, don't make a regular mummy of me.

"I'm quite ashamed."

"It's a quiet country road.

"Stow away vanity, old boy.

"Alice never ridicules, and Sophie—— But where is Sophie?" he asks suddenly.

"It is about time you asked for me," says an indignant voice at his elbow.

Sophie looks prettier than he has ever seen her in his life.

Her cheeks are flushed, and her eyes sparkle, partly with excitement and pleasure, but a good deal with anger at being forgotten.

Richard laughs at her little rage.

"It is I who ought to fly into a passion," he says, tucking in the fur rug about Beauchamp's feet.

"Why, the idea of your not saying a word of welcome!

"Beauchamp, this is my ward, Miss Sophie—Selden."

Beauchamp has never heard a word at this interesting addition to his friend's family circle.

He leans forward, with undisguised admiration in his fine dark eyes.

"How do you do?" he laughs gaily, showing two rows of gleaming white teeth. "I must apologise for my inability to shake hands.

"It is Selden's fault. He has swathed me up so.

"I am a perfect fright."

"Oh, don't distress yourself!" she says lightly, none of the intense hatred she has so recently expressed for him showing itself in her smiling upturned face. "You don't look at all bad."

"Come, come, Alice, be off," interposes Richard.

"Beauchamp will get his death of cold."

"He treats me like a pit of Sevres china," says Beauchamp to Sophie.

"I am sorry I can't offer to assist you in."

"She is not going with you," says Richard.

"She is going to walk home with me."

Beauchamp feels slightly annoyed as he is summarily swept out of sight of the charming insouciant face.

"Well, Sophie," says Richard, drawing her hand within his arm as they trudge along the muddy road,

"Do you think it amiable to welcome a fellow back to the bosom of his family with a countenance like that?"

"Like what?" she demands.

"But she knows right well.

"Well, about as gloomy as if you had lost all your nearest and dearest in this world, and, not to put too fine a point on it, a little cross."

"So I am cross."

"Why?"—"I don't know."

"With whom?"—"You."

"Ah, this get interesting! Why with me? What have I done?"

"All sorts of things. Let go my hand; I want to walk on the path."

The path holds only one. She betakes herself there with much dignity. Richard's eyes laugh, though he endeavors to assume a countenance of tragic gravity.

"I'm sure I'm awfully sorry to have offended.

"Won't you tell me my crime and give me a chance to amend?"

"It is too late now," she answers haughtily.

"Worse and worse. I am sure another girl would thank me for bringing home a delightful fellow like Beauchamp."

"Delightful indeed! I hate him!"

"I say, that's sweeping! Already?"

"Before I saw him."

"Why?"

"Well, because he made you go away last autumn, and you have been away ever since—even for Christmas"—very reproachfully.

"And I think it was excessively mean of you to stay enjoying yourself in Germany."

"My dear child, it was not my fault," he answers seriously, coming as near her as a stream of liquid mud admits.

"Beauchamp was very ill and in serious trouble.

"I could not leave him.

"Believe me, I should very much have preferred being at home all this time for many reasons."

"You could have come if you liked; but you wished us to be lonely and wretched at the cottage."

He smiles, and stretches out his broad palm to her. But she walks on in stately scorn, ignoring it.

"I am very sorry if you were lonely and wretched at the cottage," he goes on.

"I was lonely and wretched too, and there are many other reasons why I should have liked to be back.

"It is not easy for a poor doctor to leave his patients for such a length of time. I might have lost them all. How are the two most important, the Squire and Gabriel?"

"Remarkably well," she answers, in a shrill high key.

"I am sure I am glad to hear it," he rejoins heartily; "though I must say a little illness among the wealthy inhabitants of the parish would do me good. My coffers are very low."

"Richard I think you're horrid! Wishing people to be ill, just that you might get money! I dare say the Squire will give you some if you ask him."

"What do you think of Beauchamp?" he essays again, forgetting his first repulse.

"I have already said I hate him."

"True. I forgot.

"Does his appearance please you?"

"No.

"Dark men are always hideous."

"Is that a compliment to me?" he laughs.

"No; you are decidedly dark"—with an indignant side-glance.

"Well, anyhow, not so dark as Beauchamp; so I may hope I am a few degrees farther off being hideous."

"If it pleases you to think so, do."

"Sophie, you're in a vile temper to-day, child.

"I have a mind to send you to your room for an hour when we get home."

"I dare say I shall go without being sent."

"Won't you try to amuse poor Beauchamp; he asks; "or is he too ugly?"

She makes no answer, unless an utterly irrelevent question can be taken as an answer.

"What is a ward, Richard?"

"A ward is a young person who, her nearest relatives being dead or otherwise incapacitated from taking care of her, is handed over to some grave and elderly person who consents to take the responsibility."

"Then why did you introduce me to that man as your ward?" she interrogates.

"Well, in any case, I am your guardian," he remonstrates.

"I take care of you."

"Nice care, flaunting off to Germany for months and months! I might have died twenty times, or run away."

"To die twenty times would be a feat even beyond your power, I think," he answers mockingly.

"And why did you tell him my name is Selden?" she demands next.

"It is no more Selden than it's Allington."

"It may be the latter one day," he says mischievously.

"Perhaps," she answers coolly; "the Manor would not be half a bad place to live in. But, in any case, my name is not Selden, and never will be."

"What a little fire-and-tow termagant you have been transformed into in my absence!" he expostulates.

"I never was noticeable for balmy sweetness of manner—was I—like Gabriel Allington?"

"No," he allows readily. "Your bitterest enemy couldn't accuse you of balmy sweetness of manner at any period of your existence; but, if you were 'cruel bad' then, you're 'equally worse' now, as the Irish gentleman said, speaking of the relative merits of his two dear deceased wives."

"That does not matter," she answers defiantly.

"Alice has been ruining you," he says, as they turn in at the gate.

"In these few months she has undone all my years of careful training. How dismal the garden looks without any flowers! But anyhow it is nice and tidy.

"Who has it done up?"

"I don't know," she answers readily.

And yet in her room are garden-gloves covered with mould and a pair of boots thick with a compound of earth and faded leaves; and some one had a scolding from Alice that very morning for working so industriously in the damp garden.

"That's not true," he rejoins quickly.

"I suppose it was the Squire's man."

"I suppose so too," she says.

In the hall she is passing by him as he hangs up his coat; but he lays his hand upon her shoulder.

"Sophie," he says kindly, "I am very glad to see my child again; but you have not given me one word of welcome."

"You are welcome home," she says coldly, as if repeating a lesson.

"Come, Sophie," he remonstrates, "that is not the way to say it.

"Say it more kindly."

"You are welcome home," she repeats, in exactly the same tone.

"Tiresome child to be in a cross temper the first day I come back!" he chides gently. "I can hardly believe it is Sophie.

"Not one cry of joy, not one kind word, not one kiss——"

But she is gone; and, with a shrug of his broad shoulders, he joins his sister and his guest in the cosy dining-room.

"Well, Beauchamp, how are you getting on?" asks Selden, going forward to the fireplace, where his guest is already ensconced in an arm-chair.

"Drive home not too cold, I hope? Given you an appetite perhaps.

"Alice, I am actually starving."

"Relief is near," she answers smiling.

"Mr. Beauchamp, will you come to the table, or will you have your dinner here on a small table?"

"Oh, I can come to the table!" he replies, laughing, and endeavoring to rise from his chair. "I say, Selden, lend me a hand."

His handsome face—handsome in spite of the severe illness he has just passed through, clouds a little at finding how helpless he is.

"Never mind, Harold," says Richard cheerily, noticing the change on his face.

"Rome was not built in a day, as we are constantly reminded; and, after such a pull as you've had, a fellow is not exactly equal to waltzing or tight-rope walking. We'll have you as gay as a lark in no time."

"Where's Sophie?" asks Alice.

"What a beautiful little creature she is!" cries Beauchamp, with lively admiration.

Richard looks a little surprised.

The idea had not strck him before perhaps.

"She is pretty," he says, somewhat dubiously.

"Pretty!" exclaims Beauchamp.

"Pretty does not express it.

"Almost every girl is pretty; but your little ward is more than pretty; she is beautiful.

"But who is she, Selden? I did not know you had any relatives of your name in the world."

But the Doctor is saved from replying by the appearance of his "beautiful" ward.

He regards her curiously as she sits at the table, chatting animatedly across to the new inmate of the cottage.

He scrutinises her as he has never done before, the small dainty figure, so lithe and graceful, the flitting little hands that have so much character in their shape and motion, the rich heavy black hair, gathered simply back from a face so fair, and hanging in one thick tress down her back, the soft white throat, those ever-changeful eyes, that expressive red-tipped mouth, those delicious dimples that come and go, that low ivory forehead—yes, every feature, every gesture, every expression is perfect, bewitching. Richard has found it out at last. His ward, the little stray waif from the wreck of the wreck of the French emigrant-ship, is beautiful.

CHAPTER VI.

"MR. BEAUCHAMP, do you know it is a simply perfect day out of doors?" says Sophie, coming up close to the invalid's sofa.

Harold has been a week at the cottage now, and she manages to disguise her hatred very successfully.

"Is it?"—laying aside his book and looking up at her.

"Yes," she answers, not meeting his glance.

"I think you ought to take a walk."

He laughs a little sadly.

"It is really a pity," she goes on.

"Think, it is the second of February; and there are primroses out in the border by the wood, and heaps of snowdrops and hepatica and crocuses coming. It is a shame not to see them."

"Richard brought me some snowdrops this morning before going out," he says, indicating some pale blossoms on a table.

"Yes, but that's not the same as seeing them out-of-doors; and the sun is so bright, and it smells so nice."

"What, the sun?"

"Don't be silly! The earth and the flowers and everything."

"Well, is not the sun included in everything? Therefore he smells nice too," he argues laughingly.

"Well, well, children and fools and sick must not be contradicted, I suppose. Will you come or will you not?"

"I wish I could," he say a little wistfully.

"You can if you like.

"Take your stick, and I'll lend you my shoulder. It will be as good as Richard's arm."

"Quite as good," he answers softly, "but perhaps not quite as strong."

"Ah, well, I see! You're afraid to trust your precious self to my tender mercies.

"Adieu, then, monsieur.

"I must go and enjoy the sunshine—gather rose-buds while I may, or, rather, snowdrops in this instance;" and she dances off.

"I'll come!" he cries eagerly after her.

"Get me my stick and help me."

"What gracious condescension!" she says, coming back slowly.

She pauses at some distance from his sofa.

"Horrid little tease!" he grumbles.

"Come here at once, miss, and give me the support of your mighty shoulder as you promised."

"Fighting, of course, you two!" says Alice from outside the window.

"I never heard anything like it.

"I really think I must have you bound over to keep the peace!"

She look very happy as she steps in at the open French window.

She has been down the avenue to meet the postman; and the letter with the foreign postmark which he gave her seems to afford her considerable satisfaction.

"Miss Selden, be judge between us!" cries Beauchamp appealingly.

"Here's Sophie"—he has called her by her name from nearly the first day, and she has not objected—"comes and taunts me on my bed of agony with pictures of a Paradise outside that window.

"She lures me into consenting to go with her, and then she dashes the cup of happiness from my lips by refusing to help me!"

"To go into the garden!" says Alice, a little startled.

"And yet I don't know. Such a bright fresh day would do you good; and the sun is almost as warm as in June.

"What does Richard say?"

"Richard is prancing in the other hemisphere after some patient or other," pouts Sophie.

"I really think you might go," Alice adds thoughtfully.

Harold has every intention of going; he thanks her.

Alice is quite pleased that they should go, as she can then peruse her letter in comfort.

"Am I leaning too heavily on you?" Beauchamp asks tenderly, as up and down the sunny walk they go, his left hand on her shoulder, in his right his sturdy stick.

"No, grandpapa dear, don't mention it," she says flippantly.

"It would not do for a great fellow like me to tire a wee bit of a thing like you, would it, Sophie?"

"I am not tired yet. I'll tell you when I am.

"Look—shall we go and sit on that bench at the other end of the walk?"

"Tired already?" he says, a little reproachfully.

"Well, you see, you're not a feather exactly."

"But I am not leaning heavily on you," he says eagerly. "But let us sit down; it will be nice there.

"Only while I walk, and you know you are perfectly necessary to me, I know you'll stay with me; but, once sitting down, you'll be off like a shot, if the notion takes you, and goodness knows when I'll see you again!"

"If ever," she supplements gravely.

"Don't say that, even in jest," he beseeches, with another of those soft glances he knows so well how to give.

The girl colors a little.

"Don't be afraid that I shall go off and leave you 'to pine and to die' upon this garden-seat.

"Or, even if I do, they'll be sure to miss you at dinner, and send to look for you.

"That reminds me," she adds, a moment after, "I promised Richard I'd go and meet him."

"Oh, never mind! Forget your promise," urges Harold, lying lazily back in the sunshine and regarding the beauties of nature in the face of his young companion.

"I sha'n't forget it," she says demurely.

"But I shall not keep if it annoys me.

"I never keep a promise if it annoys me to do so."

"Nice young person!"

"Yes; am I not?

"However, I think I'll go and meet Richard, after all.

"He will be coming by the moor, and it is so delicious and fresh there."

"It is just as delicious here," he urges.

"Don't go."

"In any case, I don't think it is time to go yet," she muses.

"I said I should go at a quarter to twelve.

"He will be coming back then for luncheon.

"It used to be dinner before your arrival, Mr. Harold Beauchamp; but now it's luncheon, and dinner at six, and we are as fashionable as can be."

"How you dignify me with the whole imposing length of my name!" he murmurs, leaning back that he may see her more comfortably.

"I called you Sophie right off," he adds.

"Yes, you did," she answers, looking at him with frank blue eyes, "and I thought you very impertinent."

Harold laughs lazily.

He is too accomplished a man of the world to mind a snub from a child of seventeen.

"I must go and meet Richard," she says again, without making any effort to go however.

"No; don't go," pleads the tempter.

"Stay with me."

"I find you rather dull," she announces, with charming candor.

"Why don't you amuse me?"

Dull! And he beginning to make soft speeches to her—soft speeches helped out by softer looks.

Dull, indeed! It is something new for Mr. Beauchamp to hear this sentiment from a woman's lips.

"You can't expect a poor invalid to be amusing," he answers humbly.

"Think of——"

"Yes, I can, and do," she rejoins promptly.

"You are fun enough in the evenings recounting your adventures to Richard and Alice.

"You can be amusing when you like; but I suppose you don't consider me worth the trouble of amusing."

"Sophie, you know better than that!" he whispers in a voice that ought to melt her heart.

"Are you getting weak," she demands unfeelingly, "that you can't speak up?"

Another snub for poor Harold.

He resolves to try a new tack.

She is only seventeen, so he will go in for quite different tactics from those he had found successful before.

"Are you really going?" he asks in a pathetic tone, as she half rises.

"Perhaps you will tell one of the servants to be so good as to help me indoors."

"Poor suffering martyr, lured to destruction by me!" she says mockingly.

"I'll help you in, even as I took you out!"

"No, thank you, not yet.

"I am enjoying the morning air and sunshine so much that I should like to stay here a little longer.

"But don't let me delay you. Selden will be anxiously expecting you," he adds politely.

"No, he won't," she says, sitting down again.

"He never anxiously expects me. I should think he has forgotten all about meeting me, and gone another way.

"He is too used to my going to meet him all these years to be anxiously expecting it now."

"Happy beggar!" says Harold below his breath; but she hears, and the ear next to him grows a little pinker.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

Sowing and Reaping.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE COST OF HER PROMISE;" "A GIRL'S MISTAKE;" "NOT FAIR FOR ME." ETC.

CHAPTER I.

WYCHFIELD—for Braxton and Lakemore!

"Wychfield! Wych—field!"

I think I must have been dozing for the last hour of the long dreary journey.

At least I know that I realized with a sudden start and shiver that the train had run into the station, and I had reached my journey's end.

A dreary, desolate goal!

Two diminutive and ill-lighted platforms with a shed-like waiting-room and ticket-office, and a grim little one-story building, the station-master's house.

In summer, no doubt, Wychfield had a quaint picturesque grace of its own: but to-night, as I gathered my frozen limbs together at the summons of the sleepy porter, who swung his old-fashioned lantern from door to door, I felt a childish desire to cry at the sight.

My luggage lay on the platform in a formidable heap.

The porter swung his lantern over it, and reckoned it up with an appraising eye, then turned to me for further orders, while I looked disconsolately after the rapidly receding train.

After all, there had been something like warmth and comfort in the cushioned, hot-water-tinned carriage.

I shivered through all my furs, and I think a few tears froze themselves on my lashes as that fiery red eye vanished in the long vista of snow and chill gray mist.

It was so odd that no one should come to meet me!

"Are you sure that no carriage has been sent from Archdale Glen to meet this train?"

The porter merely grinned and shook his head.

"Then I really don't know what to do," I said, in growing perplexity.

"Is there any place near here where I could get a carriage, or even a messenger? My aunts cannot have received the telegram I sent, and consequently will not expect me to-night."

"There ain't been no telegram here for Miss Archdale to-day, and as for conveyance or message"—he stopped to scratch his head in slow calculation, but only went on, with a more hopelessly puzzled expression—"I don't know where you'll be purwided wi' such.

"If you could wait till nine o'clock, and nothing don't turn up betwixt this and then, and if you don't mind a three miles tramp through the snow, why, I shall be off duty then, and I'll see you across myself."

It was not a cheering prospect certainly, a more than two hours' wait in the dreary solitude and piercing cold, to be followed by the long walk through the snow and darkness.

It was the best that lay in the honest fellows's power to offer, and as such I was fain to accept it.

"Very well, miss," he said, collecting my bags and boxes with great alacrity.

"I'll put these things inside, and then see what I can do to make you comfortable."

And he went off, wheeling his well-laden truck, while I stood stamping my high-heeled boots upon the platform, in a vain attempt to bring a little life into my frozen feet.

Nine o'clock, and it was not yet seven! I should probably be frozen stiff by that time.

I had left London sadly enough, had cried wildly and passionately half the way down, but through all I had been buoyed up by a thought of the warm sympathy that awaited me at Wychfield; and this was the welcome I received!

All the way down I had seen the sharp kindly eager features of aunt Priscilla, the comely face and stout matronly figure of aunt Patience, making the barren little station seem like a foretaste of home; for, alas, I had no home now, save that with which their generous kindness might provide me!

As I sat in the hardest of hard chairs, budding over the small smoky fire my friendly porter had raked together in the wretched apology for a waiting-room, I felt the misery of my position as I had never felt it before—felt desolate and orphaned indeed.

I say orphaned, though there was no touch of sable in the silk and sealskin of my dress, though death had not entered my happy and luxurious home since, almost before I could remember, it bore my young mother away.

But something crueller than death had come between father and child, and held them farther apart than any grave could have done.

I felt dearer to-night to the little, unremembered mother than to the handsome stalwart father who had drifted from his only child by slow but sure degrees, who had given fame and name and honor, and the great heart that I had thought mine only, into an adventuress's keeping, and who in a few weeks more would throne a woman I disliked and distrusted in my mother's place.

I had seen it coming so long, so long—ever since an evil fate sent Clara Meredith into our garden of Eden to play the tempter's part.

My father had taken her from pure compassion, moved by the piteous story told him by the titled lady-patient at whose house he had professionally attended her. Lady St. Gervayse was unable, or perhaps unwilling, to retain the invalid governess herself.

In praising and recommending her to Sir Hercules Tempest, she waxed very eloquent indeed, led on perhaps by the considering attention of the fashionable physician's face.

I do not know exactly what arguments she used, but they were tolerably convincing ones to him, though I found several flaws as he repeated them that night to me.

"You see, Rita, my child," he said, consulting his watch as he spoke, to show how short a time he could spare me, "as Lady St. Gervayse says, you are undoubtedly very young to be at the head of such an establishment as this."

"But, papa," I cried, in quick dismay, "I am nineteen, and I have presided over this establishment now for more than a year. If this Miss Meredith came, you would not think of placing her over me?"

My father's smile was very reassuring in its amused contempt for my suspicions.

"My dear Rita, Miss Meredith is perhaps ten years your senior, and, being small and slight, does not look five.

"Is it likely then that I should oust my own child, rebellious puss though she is, to put a stranger-child in her place? No, no, my dear.

"Put all those silly fancies out of your head.

"I should not be sorry that you had a companion, for your life, I fear, is rather a lonely one.

"The receiving of this forlorn girl for a few weeks will be an act of the purest charity."

I object no longer.

Sir Hercules Tempest's charity was the one thing with which he would not allow even his petted only child to interfere, and in justice to myself I must say I never wished to curtail that.

If he had desired to turn our great barrack of a house into a hospital, I should never have tried to thwart him, should never have felt the vague foreboding of unpleasantness to come with which I prepared to receive this one companion-guest.

However, to please papa and to punish myself for my mean jealousy, I resolved to be graciousness itself while her visit lasted; and, by way of inaugurating it pleasantly, I went myself in the carriage to fetch her from Lady St. Gervayse's.

She was ready to start when I got there; and, as she sank languidly back on the soft cushions and sniffed delicately at a little smelling-bottle, she turned her lovely eyes on me and thanked me musically for "all the trouble I had taken."

There was no fault to be found with her words.

I could not help seeing even then that her manner was far more gracious than grateful.

I noticed something else too as we drove homeward through the crisp air of the September afternoon, and that was the rare beauty of my companion's face.

I had seen her once or twice in the dim æsthetic light of Lady St. Gervayse's drawing-room, and had known of course that she was something more than a merely pretty woman.

I had not known how perfect were the straight fine features, how lily-pure was the delicate skin, or how deep and lustrous were the dark-fringed violet eyes.

In the bright daylight no fault could be found in the fair proud face.

My heart cried out in vehement and passionate protest against its owner.

Those were bitter days that followed, the days in which, little by little, step by step, Clara Meredith stole into my father's heart and drove me from my last stronghold there.

I was no match for the cunning with which, when he was present, she forced me into an antagonistic attitude to her sweet and gentle self, stung my quick temper into intolerant and ungracious speech, which she bore with uncomplaining patience, but which brought down on me my father's stern and just rebuke.

I was the meanest puppet in her slender white hands.

The worst of it all was, I know the ignominious part I played.

Even to gain the victory, I could not turn and fight her with her own weapons.

And so, aided by her own cunning and my stubborn pride, she won the battle.

In six weeks' time she, the friendless, penniless governess, would be Lady Tempest, mistress of the great house in Portland Place and the pretty river-side villa at Twickenham, wife of a man who believed her as pure and good as she was beautiful.

And I, who had been mistress of all—I, that man's only and petted child, was now a homeless fugitive, seeking refuge with my dead mother's kin.

It was hard, very hard to bear.

I thought it over with a choking sob, and then I jumped up in my seat, suddenly and startlingly conscious of myself and my surroundings.

The fire was almost out, the room colder than ever.

The friendly porter was making efforts to arouse without frightening me, and a little behind him was another figure, looking grotesquely tall and thin in the shadowy background.

"Beg pardon, miss," said the porter, while I rubbed by blinking eyes, with a vague idea of having been discovered in some great delinquency.

"I hope you'll excuse the liberty; but you ain't no wise fit to tramp through the snow—and—and—the fact is, I spoke to this gentleman, wot's a neighbor, and, havin' come out by train, has naturally got his trap, and——"

As my friend labored on through ponderous periods, without apparently coming any nearer to what he had to say, I turned in involuntary appeal to his companion, who, after a moment's hesitation, came forward stiffly, raising his hat.

"Pardon me," he said, in a deep, but not unpleasant voice, "the porter has told me of your uncomfortable position.

"I do not think, as he says, it would be possible for you to walk to Archdale Glen to-night.

"My carriage is here to meet me, and, if you will accept a seat—I am a neighbor of the Misses Archdale—and——"

He paused, leaving me to fill up the blank by refusal or acceptance, apparently quite indifferent as to which I gave.

I looked at him with curious attention, and saw a tall, slender—too slender figure, a dark thin face lighted by feverishly bright eyes, and haughtily-carried head, crowned by snow-white hair.

The voice had sounded so young, I was surprised to see in its owner a man perhaps older than my father, in whose chestnut curls there were but few gray locks to be seen.

I was surprised, but not a little relieved, for there could be no doubt as to the propriety of accepting this kindly patriarch's offer.

"Thank you so much," I said, rising with grateful alacrity.

"I cannot hesitate a moment in accepting so welcome and kind an offer."

He bowed gravely, and offered me his arm.

The carriage, a dark quiet-looking brougham, which I mentally set down as a doctor's, stood at the door, and I took my place in it, with a feeling of intense relief.

While my new friend stood speaking to his coachman, my old friend, the porter, came to the outer widdow and thrust in his honest red face.

"Your luggage will be over in the morning, miss," he said, confidentially and hurriedly; "and don't you go to be afraid of him.

"Between you and me, I'd rather it had been any one else.

"When I see his carriage, I thinks, well, the old gentleman isn't as black as he's painted, and he's better than the snow anyway.

"Beg pardon, sir, and thank you,"

The last words were spoken with a touch of the cap, as my rescuing knight took his place beside me.

Then the rough-shod horses began their slow and toilsome journey.

Station and porter were alike swallowed up in the thick mist, and I lay my tired head back on the soft cushions, thinking idly of many things, prominent among them being the eccentric explanation I had just received.

"What did he mean," I wondered, "by saying this nice old gentleman was better than the snow?

"The most disagreeable of his sex would be almost an improvement upon that."

"I am afraid you are very cold and tired," said my companion compassionately, breaking a long silence.

"But we have not much farther to go."

"Oh, thanks to you, I am quite comfortable now!" I answered, with mendacious politeness.

"But it was so cold and wretched at the station.

"I have been nearly two hours over that miserable apology for a fire."

"Poor child!" he says, kindly enough; and then we relapsed into silence.

"Here we are at Archdale Glen," he said at last, with a sigh of relief, as the carriage paused at two tall gates, wrought apparently in curiously twisted snow.

"And here, with your permission, I will set you down and drive on."

The great clanging bell was sounding with startling loudness through the quiet of the night, and the door of the old red brick house had opened to let out a stream of ruddy light as my companion helped me from the carriage.

"Oh, I am so greatly obliged to you!" I said fervently.

"But you will come in and let my aunts thank you.

"You are a neighbor.

"You will at least let me tell them to whom I am so greatly indebted," I added pleadingly, as he politely but distinctly negatived the first proposition.

"I do not know, and am not known to the Misses Archdale now, and, believe me, they would not care to receive me!"

He raised his hat, and stepped into the carriage, which went off quickly.

I thought there was pain, as well as pride in the deep voice that was so strangely young and fresh.

I had no time for fancies, as, with wonder, delight, and amazement struggling for mastery in those dear old faces, aunt Priscilla and aunt Patience came forward together to welcome the niece who had apparently dropped upon them from the snow-charged wintry skies.

"Rita my darling, most welcome!" said aunt Patience.

"But, my child——"

"Oh, don't!" I cried sharply, stopping the question with a fervent kiss.

"Say only 'Welcome,' auntie dear, for I have no other home than this."

CHAPTER II.

THE room into which my aunts led me seemed a very dream of comfort, in contrast to the scenes I had passed through, and the dear old ladies themselves were the most delightful of presiding deities.

Aunt Patience drew an enormous armchair to the great glowing Christmas fire, and pushed me into it with affectionate force.

Aunt Priscilla violently relieved me of hat and jacket, and then, kneeling on the hearth-rug, proceeded to divest me of my boots.

They hovered round me in a tender flutter, as soft-hearted motherly hens might flutter round a forlorn chicken.

Though they faithfully obeyed my injunction to ask no questions, I read a whole catechism in their dear anxious eyes.

"You did not get my telegram then?" I asked, looking with eager interest at the plates and glasses which the staid old manservant was depositing on the table.

"No, indeed!" cried both aunts in vehement protest.

"Do you think we would not have been at Wychfield to receive you?

"By-the-way, Rita darling, how did you get a fly to-night?"

In the great wonder of seeing me arrive from London the lesser marvel of how I had made my way from Wychfield had not struck them before.

Still hungrily watching the table, I was astonished to see old Stephens pause in his duties, and listen with a half-scared, half-curious expression for my answer.

"I did not have a fly, aunt Patience; there was not one to be had.

"After waiting two hours at the station, I had just resigned myself to tramp through the snow so soon as the porter should be at liberty to escort me."

"You poor forlorn child, how dreadful!" interrupted aunt Priscilla, with tears of sympathy in her kind eyes.

"Ah, but wait a bit, aunt Pris! The fairy-prince came to my aid, and saved me from a snowy grave.

"In other words, a gentleman, a neighbor of yours, happened to have his carriage at the station, and very kindly offered me a seat."

"A gentleman, a neighbor of ours!" my aunts repeated.

"Surely, my dear Rita, you asked his name?"

"I did, and he refused to tell me what it was," I answered, with a vexed laugh, "which, I think, so gallant an old gentleman should not have done."

"Refused to tell you his name!" said aunt Priscilla perplexedly.

"Who could it have been?" said aunt Patience, in a bewildered way that made me laugh.

At this moment a respectful voice broke in upon our discourse.

"If you please, ma'am," said old Stephens, with a sort of subdued excitement, "it was the Horror! Beg pardon, I'm sure ma'am"—his rubicund face growing a deeper purple in the extremity of his embarrassment—"I mean to say it was Mr. O'Hara that brought Miss Tempest home."

The words seemed to have a paralyzing effect on my relatives.

Aunt Patience grew very pale, and aunt Priscilla dropped heavily into a chair; but neither of them spoke a word until Stephens had left the room.

"What is the matter?" I exclaimed, looking impatiently from one to the other.

"And what did that silly old man say was my escort's name?"

"Mr. O'Hara—Martin O'Hara of Wychfield Court."

"He is a neighbor then, and you do know all about him," I cried, a little reassured by the thought, for my aunts' obvious dismay and the servant's curious expression had rather shaken my faith in my new friend.

Perhaps there was some feud between the families, and they were startled by the magnanimity with which their foeman had treated their niece? Well, that ought to be enough to reconcile them; he had spoken more in sadness than in anger, and I could not fancy my two dove-like old aunts very implacable foes.

"Martin O'Hara!" I repeated dreamily.

"It's rather a pretty name, I think.

"What was it Stephens called him first, though?"

"Well, it was very improper of Stephens, of course," said aunt Priscilla apologetically; "but in the agitation of the moment he gave Mr. O'Hara his local nick-name."

"And that is——"

"The Wychfield Horror—or the Horror, for brevity's sake."

"What a shame!" I cried indignantly.

"Why should people give that nice, kind, old man such a horrid name?"

"They have a reason besides that of making a silly pun upon the name; but, my dear Rita, he is not old; I doubt if Martin O'Hara has seen his six-and-thirtieth birthday yet."

But that she spoke seriously, almost sadly, I should have suspected innocent aunt Priscilla of a heavy joke.

Six-and-thirty.

"Why, aunt Pris, his hair is white as snow!" I remonstrated.

But she only shook her head, and repeated, with the same thoughtful air—

"Nevertheless he is, to me at least, quite a young man.

"And now, child"—her tone changing to one of hospitable briskness as the tray-laden Stephens re-entered the room and announced that supper was ready—"come and eat something, for you must be half starved."

"Much more than half," I cried gaily, seating myself at the table.

"One sugar-covered bun, of the stalest

and sourest description, is all I have eaten to-day, and you know my healthy appetite of old."

I was so hungry, after my long fast, that, while I ate and drank, my curiosity was momentarily forgotten.

My aunts, who sat on either side of me, alternately piling my plate and replenishing my cup, were delighted with my rapid and satisfactory progress in the work of demolition; and, when I at last laid down my knife and fork and pushed my plate away, aunt Patience patted my arm as approvingly as though I had performed some highly meritorious action.

"Ah, now you will feel better! Won't you darling?"

"Hardly possible, aunt Pat," I said, giving the kind plump old hand a squeeze, and laughing, though I could have cried too, with very pleasure in the warm atmosphere of love that surrounded me, that contrasted so sharply with that of my altered home, in which I had been made to feel a spy, an intruder, a barrier between my father and happiness.

"You don't think me wrong, either of you?" I asked, in a sudden impulse of confidence.

"Home is so changed; so dreadful now—you do not think me wrong to come to you?"

They looked pityingly at me, gravely and anxiously at each other.

Then, as generally happened, aunt Priscilla became the spokeswoman of the pair.

"My dear Rita," she said gently, stroking my dark ruffled hair, "you know how welcome you are, how aunt Patience and I rejoice in a glimpse of our sunbeam; but did you come without Sir Hercules' consent?"

"Yes," I cried doggedly, though there was a lump in my throat, and my eyes were very dim; "and you, my mother's sisters, should be the last people to blame me.

"I came because—because—oh, it is too bad, too hard to bear"—I broke down passionately as the tears mastered me at last and came chasing each other madly down my cheeks—"because I would not be Miss Meredith's bridesmaid."

"Rita my child, don't, dearest! You will be ill."

My old maiden aunt drew my head down upon her shoulder with maternal tenderness, soothing and petting me until I grew gradually calmer and horribly ashamed of my foolish outbreak.

"I am very stupid; please forgive me," I sobbed, rubbing frantically at my red eyes, and trying to compose my unsteady features to a smile. "But, you know, I never thought that, that papa——"

"No, no, of course not, darling; but, is it really settled—the marriage, I mean?"

"Quite; the day is fixed, and then—I did not mind her—but when papa himself told me that I had ceased to love him—that I grudged him his happiness, that anything said against her was said against him—oh, aunt Pris, would you believe that papa—papa of all men, would have been so cruel?"

Aunt Priscilla shook her head

"My dear, all men are much alike when their heads are turned by what they choose to call 'love'!" she said, with a little old-maidish scorn for the passion that had played no part in her life.

"But Sir Hercules is too good and just a man to wrong you for long——"

"How can he help it?" I interrupted impatiently.

"When the thing is done, it is done, and all the repentance in the world won't undo it. He can't un-marry her, aunt Pris."

"No, you foolish child; but he may reconcile you to the idea of a step-mother, and ——"

"Never, never, never!" I cried, shaking my head vehemently, too impatient of its text to let the gentle sermon finish. "I wonder if my mother knows she is forgotten?"

"My dear, your mother had the kindest of husbands, the happiest of married lives, and she was herself the most unselfish of women.

"I think she could endure to see a good and loving woman in her place."

"But Clare Meredith is not good, aunt Pris.

"She cares nothing for papa. She will bring him nothing but misery."

"My child," said aunt Patience gravely, "you must not be a prophet of ill to your own father. You may wrong this lady.

"You only know of her that she is young and beautiful."

"Beautiful enough," I agreed with a sigh, "but not very young; she must be at least thirty."

"Well, young for Sir Hercules. We don't seem to agree about age to-night, Rita. All that you, as a good daughter and a good girl, can do is to try and accept the change in your life cheerfully, and hope that it may tend to your father's happiness."

I looked at aunt Patience half angrily, for I had thought my mother's sisters were bound to uphold me in my righteous rebellion, and yet with a sort reluctant admiration, the fair old face was so kind and sweet.

"Aunt Patience, you have grown to suit your name.

"I believe if papa asks you to the wedding, you will go!"

I said this with a sort of playful scorn; but aunt Patience answers quite seriously—

"Assuredly, my dear, if only to support you.

"There, there"—as I was about passionately to repudiate the idea of gracing the ceremony with my presence.

"We will not talk of this any more to-night, and bed is the best place for you now, you poor worn-out child. What has become of your luggage, Rita, for I presume you brought some?"

"Oh, yes; everything I could pack up! There are about twenty trunks at the station.

"I told the porter to bring them over to-morrow, for of course I could not burden your very courteous Horror with anything any more weighty or troublesome than myself."

"Of course not," aunt Pris acquiesced; and I saw that odd look of discomfort and dislike come into her eyes again.

However, she said nothing more on that, and very little more on any subject; and in half an hour's time I was safely installed in the great old-fashioned bed-chamber in which my mother had slept before her marriage.

"Poor little mother," I thought as I looked round upon the shadowy corners, which were shadowy still even in the light of the tall candles and the great blazing fire—"poor little mother! I wonder if it would hurt you to look down upon your old room and see your daughter in it, seeking refuge from—a step-mother?"

It was not a pleasant or a cheerful thought, and, as I broke down in another wretched fit of crying, I half expected my mother's spirit to come forth from the shadows to console me.

I was too thoroughly tired out and sleepy however for either sentiment or superstition to keep me awake long, and before my eyes were dry they were sealed in slumber.

CHAPTER III.

I WENT to bed with my heart full of my dead mother, my father, Clare Meredith, and my own keenly-felt wrongs, and not one of these had any place in my sleeping fancies, which concerned themselves wholly and oddly with Martin O'Hara.

"Well, sleep is a funny thing, certainly!" I cried when at last I awoke to see the fire blazing briskly in the grate, the wintry sunshine streaming into the room, and old Newton, who had been my mother's nurse, busily brushing my clothes at the foot of the bed.

"Good morning, nurse," I said, as briskly as I could, for my head ached and all my limbs were sore and stiff.

The old woman dropped the skirt she held and came round to me with a little cry of joy.

Her service was a sinecure now, and her indulgent mistresses, suspecting her of a cold, had sent her off to warm possets and bed before my arrival last night.

"Heaven bless you, Miss Tempest, my lamb!" she cried, kissing my upturned face affectionately.

"How like you grow to your dear mother!"

Perhaps she saw or guessed that the allusion was not a cheerful one, for she went on quickly—

"And what a night to come on, and not a soul to meet you, nor a carriage!"

"Oh"—I cut the lamentations short as my thoughts reverted to the subject of my dreams—"I had a carriage.

"Did not my aunts tell you? I came home with the 'Wychfield Horror!'"

"Don't joke, Miss Rita," said the old woman solemnly.

"If I'd known what was to be, I'd rather have thought of you tramping through the snow and darkness."

"Oh, what nonsense, nurse!" I cried crossly.

"I never heard such absurd prejudice in my life.

"Why don't you say at once what this poor Mr. O'Hara has done?"

I suppose nurse Newton had never received the suggestion of a snub for the last twenty years, and she was proportionately offended by mine.

She said nothing, but resumed her work at brushing and folding with a sort of sullen dignity.

"What has he done, that you all shun and speak ill of him?" I repeated.

"There's them that knows," was the ocular answer; "but I don't pretend to be wiser than my betters, Miss Rita; and I only say what's said in the village, that, if he hadn't been a rich gentleman and Mr. O'Hara of Wychfield Court, he'd have swung on the gallows before now."

It was an answer awful in its mysteriousness; and, while my blood ran cold at the remembrance of my close companionship with a person of such terrible repute, my curiosity rose to fever-pitch.

Obviously however old Newton did not mean to gratify it, she was too deeply offended still; so, dressing as quickly as I could, I ran down-stairs, determined to lose no time in questioning my aunts.

It was terribly late when I made my appearance—nearly twelve o'clock—and they of course had long since finished their breakfast; but they were both in the room to welcome me, though aunt Priscilla, the younger, slighter, and more active of the two Misses Archdale, was ready-dressed to go out.

"It's an appointment, Rita dear," she said apologetically; "the Rectory girls are to call for me at twelve on their way to the church: we are busy with our Christmas decorations."

"Of course," I agreed, taking my place at the prettily spread breakfast-table, and gratefully sniffing at the fair and faintly fragrant Christmas-rose beside my plate.

"Don't trouble about me, aunt Pris; I shall do very well."

"And Patience will keep you company.

"No, she does not stay in on your account, I assure you; she never looks in on our labors till the afternoon: do you, Pat?"

"Never," said the gentle Pat emphatically; and, thus reassured, I commenced my breakfast, while my aunts watched me with affectionate interest, and overwhelmed me with affectionate inquiries.

Before the meal came to an end, the Misses Joliffe were announced, and came in, their round cheeks rosy and their dark eyes brighter from their walk in the keen fresh air.

Very pretty they looked in their short dark dresses and comfortable furs, and so happy that I regarded them with a little envy.

Hitherto probably they had envied me.

I knew them both, though it was some time since we had met; and their surprise soon merged into a cheerful and gushing welcome.

"Dear Miss Tempest," said Minna, the elder, holding both my hands in her warm furry clasp, and looking at me with sparkling dark eyes.

"How delightful it is to have you here—for Christmas too!"

"And how delighted Paul will be!" chimed in Olivia softly, whereat Minna gave her a warning glance, and I felt my cheeks grow red; for handsome Paul Joliffe had been a frequent visitor at my father's house, and there war between us a secret which I, at least, had honestly kept.

"Is Mr. Joliffe down here?" I asked, as indifferently as I could, and concentrating all my attention on my tea-spoon.

"No; but we expect him to-night, and ——"

"Come, girls'—aunt Priscilla's clear sharp voice broke up the embarrassing soliloquy, much to my relief—"we shall be late at work to-day."

"Oh, no!" laughed Minna, rising to go.

"Shall we see you this afternoon, Miss Archdale?"

"Yes, my dear; I think so.

"You will be able to manage that walk, Rita?"—with an appealing look, to which I answered with a prompt affirmative, work and escape from my own thoughts being, of all things, what I most desired.

This weighty matter being settled, the Misses Joliffe took their leave, bearing aunt Priscilla off in triumph.

"And now, aunt Patience," I cried, looking eagerly round to assure myself that we were alone, "tell me the Wychfield Horror!"

"My dear," said aunt Patience, with a little start, and a nervous look round the snug octagon room, "you should not pick up servants' nick-names."

"Servants should not be allowed to give them!" I cried loftily.

"I think it's a great shame to brand any one so nice as Mr. O'Hara; but I suppose, as there is no smoke without fire, there is some reason for this!"

Aunt Patience sighed, and for a wonder paused in her knitting which she generally amazed me by carrying on through the busiest conversation.

I watched her pretty soft-tinted face—she was a very pretty old lady with mild brown eyes, straight features, a clear pink skin like a baby's, and softly waving silvery hair—and saw that it grew thoughtful and troubled.

"Do you know Mr. O'Hara—but of course he said you did not?" I asked, growing incoherent in my perplexity.

"I knew his father well, my dear, and Martin himself as a boy."

The knitting was resumed now—aunt Patience seemed more than usually absorbed in it; but a slight tremble in the soft voice set me weaving a romance, in which "Martin's father" and this fair old maiden lady played the lovers' parts.

"But he was not here as a boy, was he? I don't remember the name of O'Hara in these parts.

"No, he has only been four years in the neighborhood.

"Wychfield Court belonged to his mother's people, the Wychfields, and on his grandfather's death it came to him.

"Until then he had lived very much abroad, where, I believe, he married."

"Oh!" I cried, unaccountably startled by the last sentence.

"Is it possible that he is a married man?"

"He was, and brought his wife with him when he came to take possession of the Court."

"Was! Is she dead then?

"You are very mysterious, aunt Pat."

"I do not mean to be mysterious, Rita," returned my aunt quietly. "That Martin O'Hara had a wife we all know; whether she is now alive or dead no one, save perhaps himself, can tell."

"Oh, this is really delicious!" I cried delightedly.

"Did she run away with any one? Did she ride off on a broomstick? Or did he bury her in the deepest dungeon of the castle moat? No, don't be cross, aunt Pat; I promise not to laugh any more. Tell the story your own way.

"Did you see this very mysterious wife? Was she young and beautiful?"

"She was both; but I never saw her.

"The O'Haras came home just after Priscilla's long illness, when she and I were at Nice. We left the neighborhood busy with preparations for the home-coming of the heir, and ready to extend to him the warmest of welcomes.

"Wychfield Court is the most considerable place for miles around, and to our small and dull society it was no little thing that the grand old long-closed house should be open under the presidency of a young and presumably pleasure-loving pair. All the girls dreamed of balls, and all the men of dinners; and little was talked of but Martin O'Hara and his wife. Ah me, what a mockery it all seems now!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE stimulating power and comfort of sympathy none can express save he who has realized it. It has a power like the magnet, unseen but potent, which draws to itself the scattered particles that exist around it.

Scientific and Useful.

ELECTRIC LIGHT SIGNS.—A patent was recently taken out for a mode of forming the incandescent filament of electric lamps into letters, signs, and symbols. When heated up by the passage of the current these figures will, of course, be brightly visible in the dark. While upon this subject we may add that globes of spun glass are used for electric lamps, because they absorb less light that solid glass ones. "Electine" is a new kind of glass specially made for these lamps. It resembles opal glass, but is not so dense, and absorbs less light.

PHOTO-FILIGRANE.—Paper is now "water-marked" with photographic designs and portraits by a new process. The photograph to be treated is engraved on iron rollers by existing methods, and the paper is compressed in passing through them, so that when it is held up to the light the design is visible in light or shade. The effects are pretty and novel; visiting cards are impressed with a portrait of the owner, and letter-paper stamped with a view of the place it comes from. The process is also likely to be of use on bank cheques, coupons, and bills of exchange.

MILK-CAN CLEANER.—A machine for cleaning milk-cans by steam has been devised. The apparatus consists of a tank, six feet long by three feet wide, and filled with hot water when in use. At one end are three brushes revolving at the rate of 120 revolutions a minute. The brushes are shaped so as to fit the can both inside and out, and all that has to be done is to plunge the can into the water and slip it over the middle brush, holding it there for a few moments until it is thoroughly scrubbed inside and out. This operation takes about half a minute. The covers are cleaned by throwing the outer brushes out of gear, and fixing a head to the centre brush which cleans the covers.

IRIDIUM-TIPPED SAW-TEETH.—Advantage has been taken of recent discoveries and improvements in the working of iridium—a refractory and extremely hard metal—to introduce it in the manufacture of cutting-tools. A circular saw, twelve inches in diameter has been made, the teeth of which were tipped with iridium. As the saw in question has been devised specially for the purpose of sawing the hardest woods it will be seen that the employment of iridium in this capacity will probably be attended with the best results, and lead to a more extended application of the metal in this direction. There is but one serious drawback to the use of iridium, however, and that is that it happens to be one of the rare metals.

Farm and Garden.

TOP-DRESSING.—Top-dressing, unless with very fine manure, is of doubtful advantage with the clover plant. The clover is easily smothered by anything covering its leaves. It may, however, pay if the clover is to be turned under for a corn or potato crop this season. The best time to manure is before the seed is sown.

MOSS.—The green covering or so-called moss which accumulates on plant pots is always injurious to the plant. "A bright pot makes a healthy plant," is the gardener's rule. This green covering is an alga, a plant closely related to the sea weed. It acts much in the same way as glazing would act in stopping the pores of the pot and allowing no circulation of air. It should be scrubbed off as often as it appears with sand and water.

TRANSPLANTING.—The Germantown *Telegraph* says that in selecting old apple and pear trees for the purpose of grafting care should be exercised to take only those that retain their foliage late in the autumn. They will insure the growing of the graft sufficiently long to firmly establish it and cause it to remain unaffected during the winter. In every instance that we have tried to raise fruit from grafts on old trees which shed their leaves early we have failed. They grow for a few years, bear a few specimens, and then die.

SETTING PLANTS.—In setting plants make the ground mellow and rich with manure for a considerable space around where the roots are placed, so they may have a chance to reach out. The roots should have ample room; do not cramp them. When the earth is well drawn up around the plant, place your feet carefully upon each side of it, and "firm" the earth down solidly. This will greatly increase the chance of its living, as it prevents the soil from drying down to the roots.

STORING GRAIN.—As a more economical and just as convenient plan of keeping grain as storing it in the ordinary way in granaries, it has been suggested that it might be preserved in air-tight sheet-iron cylinders, sealed after a partial exhaustion of the air. Wheat, flour, and bread have—so it is stated—been "canned" in this fashion for seven months, and have been found to be in excellent condition at the end of that period. Taking into consideration the security of the grain, when thus sealed in a partial vacuum, against the attacks of insects, large vermin, fire, dampness, fermentation, and other dangers, something might be said perhaps in favor of the plan here briefly alluded to. Doubtless, however, very strong evidence of its efficacy against damp and fermentation would be required before the tinning of grain could really become largely adopted. As regards the other risks mentioned, they do seem to be tolerably provided against.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SIXTY-THIRD YEAR.

SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 21, 1883.

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VOLUME SIXTY-THREE.

With this issue THE POST begins its sixty-third volume. Annually since the year 1821, a period so long ago that few now living can have a very vivid recollection of it, with the initial number of each new volume it has had something to say of itself and its intentions. We may, therefore, in deference to the old custom, for a brief moment ask the attention of our readers.

During this stretch of almost the proverbial three-score-and-ten, THE POST has been a welcome visitor to the first and best families in the land. The pioneer of its class, dozens of other publications have followed where its footsteps led, and have earnestly worked in their particular fields for popular favor. But notwithstanding its younger and pretentious rivals, we are glad to say that the old POST has yet among its subscribers the descendants of hundreds of those who perused its first number with delight away back in the dawn of the present century, and even many who still read it, in its and their advanced years, with as much pleasure as in their life's earlier spring.

This retention of old friends and making myriads of new ones, must depend upon special reasons, and these we believe can be found in the policy that has been pursued by THE POST with little or no variation from the first. Started with the intention to instruct and amuse, without any assistance from either sensation or vulgarity, it has uniformly excluded from its columns anything that even indicated a remote possibility of stepping beyond these lines. And, although necessarily keeping pace with the improving literary taste of the age, it has never swerved from its practice of and faith in the belief that innocent fiction and the purest morality could ever go hand in hand.

Thus as it has been in the past so will it be in the future. No pains will be spared to get the best in the way of good reading that effort can secure. In this writing and reading epoch there is need for discrimination, and it will be rigidly exercised in all that appears in THE POST. So in launching this, our new volume, on the waters of time, we hope that its freight will be as that of its predecessors,—acceptable, elevating, instructive and entertaining to the young and to the old.

SANCTUM CHAT.

PERSONS finding their eyes becoming dry and itching on reading, as well as those who find it necessary to place an object nearer than fourteen inches from their face to read, need spectacles. Persons under forty years of age should not wear glasses until the accommodating power of the eyes has been suspended, and the exact state of refraction determined by a competent ophthalmic surgeon.

—

IN some departments of cotton manufacture, a man with the present machinery will do eight times the amount of work which he could do in 1860. In the manufacture of coarse cloth, an operative with ten machines does twice the work he could accomplish with thirteen machines before the war. There never was a period so fruitful in discovery, so fertile in invention as the present.

—

A PROCESS by which planks can be manufactured from straw has been perfected, and in Chicago a building six stories high and occupying an entire block, is being erected for the new industry. The board is manufactured by converting straw pulp into thin, paper-like sheets, which are passed through a bath containing certain chemicals in solution. They are subjected to enormous pressure, and finally to a thorough drying process.

—

IN Prussia duels are not tolerated except where there is legitimate cause for them. When one officer feels himself aggrieved by another, the question whether the cause of offence is one that necessarily involves a resort to arms is referred to a tribunal of honor. When a duel takes place in France, where gentlemen are very fond of this mode of arbitation, it is, in nine cases out of ten, the fault of the seconds not being sensible men of the world.

—

THE spelling-match mania has broken out again in Syracuse, N. Y., with the usual disastrous results. A student in the Syracuse University spelled "dough" "d-o-w;" a clergyman got left on "baptizable;" Professor Kinne, Principal of the Madison School, spelled "twelfth" as if it were "twelvth," and Professor Griffin, teacher of Latin, Greek and German, in the High School, got stuck on "omnivorous." "Myrrh" was spelled "M-i-r-r-h" by a young lady, who said she intended to spell it with a "u."

—

ONE of the Chinese models in the London Fisheries Exhibition, represents a "foot-boat," a clever contrivance for conveying a single passenger. The boatman carries under his arm a paddle for steering purposes, while with his feet he works a wide-bladed oar. In this manner "he often rows from eighteen to twenty hours at a stretch, only pausing for a few moments occasionally to take his food, an operation which is very simply performed on the boat by means of a small portable clay furnace close beside him."

—

No end of trouble is going to come upon this country in consequence of a statement made by a New York paper to the effect that a book publishing house in that city recently paid one of its agents $20,000 as commissions earned by him as a canvasser since last September, and that incomes varying from $6,000 to $10,000 are by no means unusual in that business. This story ought to be authoritatively contradicted, and at once. Unless something of that sort be done, people will have to get their doors double-barred and keep a brace of blood-hounds in order to protect themselves from the new army of fiends certain to turn themselves lose in pursuit of those first-class prizes for cheek.

—

LIFE is made up of surprises, but probably no one was ever more completely astonished than the subject of this story by the Newburyport *Herald:* "Formerly it was the custom, more than at present, to 'hand up notes' in the pulpit for the loss of friends, etc. A neighboring clergyman on an exchange read a notice that Mr. A desired prayers that the death of his wife might be sanctified to him, etc., and the clergyman prayed most earnestly for the brother sitting lonely in his pew, etc. He noticed a rustling in the congregation, and to his consternation learned that the note had been shut up in the Bible for a year, and the man had his new wife for the first time in the pew. The good people smiled."

—

MILK and lime water is said to prove beneficial in dyspepsia and weakness of the stomach. The way to make the lime water is simply to procure a few lumps of unslacked lime, put the lime in a fruit-can, add water until it is slacked and of the consistency of thin cream: the lime settles, and leaves the pure and clear lime-water at the top. A goblet of cow's milk may have six or eight teaspoonfuls of lime-water added with good effect. Great care should be taken not to get the lime-water too strong; pour off without disturbing the precipitated lime. Sickness of the stomach is promptly relieved by teacupful of warm water with a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in it. If it brings the offending matter up, all the better.

—

A FRENCH doctor has invented a new bed for babies, which holds them safe in its custody and prevents them from ever giving any trouble at night to their attendants. This gentleman has subjected his system to the most trying of all tests, for he has applied it to all his own children, and considers that the life of one of them is entirely owing to its use. The idea is to fill the greater part of the cradle with bran, and immerse the legs and part of the body of the child in this nest, covering them over in the usual way, but fastening down the counterpane tight so as to keep him firm in his place. Why this change of tactics should have the effect of taking away from the infant his usual desire to cry during a part of every night is a question which we will leave nurses to explain for themselves after they have tried the system. In the meantime, until that trial has been made, it is only civil to believe the testimony of several doctors who, in two French papers of some authority, declare that such is the invariable result.

—

ALL are agreed, says the *Lancet*, that bathing is a healthful practice. First, because it is cleanly, and second because it is a necessary precaution against risks by drowning. We are fully prepared to indorse the proposition that boys should be allowed to bathe as often and as freely as may be practicable. It is, however, necessary to raise a protest against the recklessness which too commonly attends the recourse to bathing as an exceptional, or at least a seasonable, exercise by those who are eager enough, but not physically fit, to bathe. There is practically less danger in bathing all the year round than in doing so only at certain periods.

—

IN warm summer weather many persons feel a craving for something sour, and often gratify this desire by a free indulgence in pickles or vegetables made acid with vinegar. This demand for acids indicates a deficiency in the acid secretions of the stomach, and the demand for an artificial supply is a natural one, but vinegar is not the best substitute. Lactic fluid is one of the chief agents that give acidity to the gastric juice of the stomach in health. This is the acid of sour milk, and therefore one of the best summer diet drinks that we can use is buttermilk. It satisfies the craving for acids by giving to the stomach a natural supply, and at the same time furnishing in its cheesy matter a good supply of wholesome nutrition. A man will endure fatigue in hot weather better on buttermilk than on any diet drink he can use.

—

AN effusiveness pervades all classes of society in Germany, and one sees old men and women boys saluting each other, if he haunts the railroad stations and watches the departure and arrivals. In Germany the men kiss and hug each other in a way that is truly affecting. You will see two friends standing on the platform at the railway station, one of them going off on a journey of perhaps six hours' duration. They stand there, hand in hand, talking very rapidly and regretting the stern necessity that compels them to part. The conductor calls, "All aboard!" The two friends throw themselves into each other's arms; kiss each other, first on one cheek and then on the other; pat each other on the back; kiss again; give each other a final bear-like hug and resounding smack and tear themselves apart—one to take his station at the car-window, wave his handkerchief and strain his eyes for one last look, and the other to stand on the platform and do the same.

—

THE care of the hair was the subject of a paper read to the Pennsylvania State Medical Society recently. The opinion given is that the stiff hats, so extensively worn by men produce more or less injury. The forms of hats that are less injurious are, for winter soft hats of light weight, having an open structure, or pierced with numerous holes; for summer, light straws, also of open structure. As regards the head-coverings of women, the fashions have been for several years favorable to proper form. The bonnet and hat have become quite small, and cover but little of the head. This beneficial condition, however, is in part counterbalanced by the weight of false curls, switches, puffs, etc., by the aid of which women dress the head. In applying water to the scalp and beard, care should be taken not to use soap-water too frequently, as it often causes irritation of the glands, and leads to the formation of scurf. It is equally important to avoid using on the head the daily shower-bath, which, by its sudden, rapid and heavy fall, excites local irritation, and, as a result, loss of hair quickly follows. In case the health demands the shower-bath, the hair should be protected by a bathing-cap. After washing, the hair should be briskly rubbed with rough towels, the Turkish towel heated being particularly serviceable. Oil has not only a cleansing action on the scalp, but it also overcomes any rough or uneven state of the hair.

THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

BY S. W.

The Saviour's flowers! How pure and fair
Those simple 'Lilies of the Field;'
How sweet an incense to the air,
Their fragrant snow-white blossoms yield!

Not Solomon in glory bright,
In gorgeous and in gold array,
Was such a fair and wondrous sight
As in their modest beauty, they!

They weave not the white robes they wear;
They toil not, neither do they spin;
No burdens like frail man they bear,
For—unlike him—they know not sin.

O emblems fair, O emblems sweet,
Of Christian humbleness of heart:
May we, as pure, at Heaven's feet
Sit low, and 'choose the better part,'

That to the 'meek in heart' alone
Is by the Great Redeemer given;
That brings us kneeling to His Throne,
Throws wide the Golden Gates of Heaven

Hope.

BY RANDALL W. BAYLE.

HOW utterly disagreeable it is possible for a man to be!"

Hope May, plump and rosy—a so-called "old maid," since she had passed the age of five-and-twenty without committing matrimony—folded her chubby hands, dimpled at every knuckle, and looked supremely superior to the whole world of masculine wretches.

"Yes," he was saying to Jack Cushing with a vigorous thump of his gold-headed cane, and an odorous salt sea breeze wafted through the low window brought his words into the parlor. "If there is one thing above another entirely repulsive to me, it is a strong-minded woman. It is bad enough to endure a woman at her best, but a female reformer—bah!"

"You see what I mean," said Hope, getting the color of a damson in the face, in the excess of her wrath. "Is he not despicable?"

Her companion, a gentle-faced lady, laughed, even while she looked a little vexed.

"Oh, the captain don't mean half that," she soothingly replied.

"He does, too," contradicted Miss Hope. "I've lived a great while—almost thirty years, and I never yet saw the man with such a capability for making himself a nuisance."

Mrs. Cushing leaned back in her chair and laughed again.

"Hope," she said, "I give you up. I don't wonder you never married. No one understands you because you keep them so at the point of the sabre."

"Why, Anna Cushing!" with which explosive rejoinder Miss May sat bolt upright "nobody wants the princess. I won't have one.

"And, of course, you got the king of men like every other married woman. I wouldn't marry the best man living."

"I don't blame you, Miss Hope," said Captain Vernon, appearing at the door, and hearing the last sentence; "there is not one worth it—nor a woman either," he finished, viciously thumping his cane, knitting his bushy eyebrows savagely under his glasses, and, thinking in an aside what a fine complexion Miss Hope had for a strong-minded female.

Newport!

With glittering, snowy sand like a silver ribbon, binding a broad expanse of emerald water, vitalizing breaths of ocean air, rippling bird songs, and a golden flame of summer sun over all.

By the unaccountable law that governs opposites, Miss May, the rosy-faced, sunny-tempered, sarcastic, and intellectually-gifted little old maid, who hovered on the shady edge of thirty years, but whom no one dreamed so ancient, and bluff exasperating, witty Captain Vernon were friends.

Quarrel they would and did, but they continued to cling to one another.

There were hot disputes, ironical raillery, word battles drily.

Hope went to clubs innumerable, was the firm ally of female conventions, wrote independent little articles for papers on reform, and labored diligently for temperance and religion.

Captain Vernon was happy.

He had something to war against, and he did.

He hugged himself in a wicked transport of joy at having a theme upon which he could enlarge with vehemence and assumed scorn, that Miss Hope in her despair felt like flinging him from the window without ceremony.

The conversation begun above went on, so far as the lady and gentleman might.

"I don't believe a strong-minded woman would do a womanly thing if she had a chance," was what rankled the deepest of all her antagonist said.

"You don't try or want to think so," almost shouted Miss May. "You remind me of the child who roared at the top of the stairs, 'Ma, Jane won't pacify me!'"

He left at this juncture, and Hope's blood boiled with the force of a cauldron, and it took so long to cool off, that she never found out that Captain Vernon went up-stairs laughing at every step.

"Oh, Jack!" sighed Mrs. Cushing, "those two awful people. I can never reconcile them."

"Wait," smiled her John; "time will tell, as it did for us."

And Mrs. Cushing, dimpled and smiled, and forgot her trouble.

"Oh, Hope!" Mrs. Cushing rushed rapturously into Miss May's room, upsetting her writing-table in her haste; "the excursion comes off to-morrow, so now look your very prettiest."

"Humph!" was the discouraging reply, "to attempt that would be 'love's labor lost.' I can't go any way; this article must be written."

But so often were her excuses interrupted and her apologies silenced—so briskly was she dragged about by merry Anna Cushing, that she consented.

* * * * * * *

"Miss Hope do you want some help?"

The voice was Captain Vernon's.

Miss May looked down the rocks, where she had climbed to watch the waste of waters, the white sails outlined against the soft sky, the glimmer of sunshine on the sparkling sands of the beach, and made no note of the fact that she was absolutely handsome in her dark-gray flannel mountain suit and gray hat, with a crimson scarf knotted carelessly at her throught.

"No, sir!"

The words were curt, so was the air of the one who said them.

Miss May flushed angrily even while she reproached herself for her want of courtesy.

What right had he, she asked herself indignantly, to search her out, when she, forgetting her mature age, had climbed to the top of that dangerous ledge and stood there gazing like a sentimental school-girl?

Here was the redoubtable captain, of course prepared to ridicule her anew.

She was interrupted by a groan.

She started, then hurried hastily down the rocks at the imminent risk of her neck.

It was as she feared.

Captain Vernon in descending had slipped and sprained his ankle.

White with pain, he was seated on a large rock, unable to repress a slight groan.

He scowled furiously as she approached.

"I slipped and sprained my confounded ankle," he roared.

"I can't go on till the party comes after me."

"I'm very sorry," ventured Miss May, her sympathies aroused at sight of his suffering.

"If you will let me I can bind it up, and call the rest; it may relieve you."

"You?" he questioned savagely—"A strong-minded woman attend to a sprain? No, I can wait," and with another spasm of pain crossing his face he leaned defiantly against the rocks as pale as death.

Without a word, but with a hurt look that even in her rapid flight he did not lose, she was gone.

* * * * * *

"What is it, John?" Miss May halted in the hall long enough to ask the captain's valet, who had just turned away from the open door in a dissatisfied way.

"The captain is all fever," he said dolefully; "his head is burning up, and I want to stay with him and give him his powders.

"I've been up three nights, and he just drove me out of the room. Says he ain't quite a heathen, and made me go to bed."

"I'll wring out the cloths for his head," said Miss May briskly, ready as usual to do her best; and she stepped towards the room. "Go, John—you do need the rest; it is two o'clock now"—consulting her watch.

"I'll look after him a few hours; by evening you'll be ready again."

John, with a weary smile, obeyed.

Captain Vernon sat in a big chair, with his feet supported by another.

The big veins stood out like whip-cords on his temples; his face was burning with tempestuous fever; he was dozing.

With a light hand, Miss May laid the cloths wrung from ice water upon his forehead, and he opened his eyes.

"Heigho!" he said, in surprise: "so you're here? Why aren't you lecturing?"

"Captain Vernon!" Miss May spoke decisively, "you do not like me, nor my views; let that pass; it can make no difference.

"I can cure a headache as well as if I had not an ounce of brain.

"You are suffering; I can help you, and I mean to do it."

The captain submitted for a few moments to the light fingers, thinking how soothing they were.

But finally old Adam again gained the ascendency, and he growled—

"I wish you wouldn't. I know you would rather write an essay, or address a club."

Without a word, but with burning cheeks and a tear rising in her eye, Miss May turned to go.

Every movement bespoke the depth of wounded feeling that was in the heart.

In an instant into the old man's really warm heart came a sudden revulsion of sentiment.

"Oh, Hope!" he cried, "come back one moment and forgive me.

"Wait, won't you, one second till—till—I've got to tell you, though I never meant to, I love you dearly."

"Oh, no you don't," said Hope, looking at him with wet, astonished eyes, the old warlike spirit rising even at this suspicious moment.

"You hate my pursuits and opinions, and—and you—you know you do."

"Indeed I don't," said the captain warmly. "I've been a brute, but I do really think you are the best, dearest, little woman in the world.

"I don't care if you go to fifty clubs if you'll only marry me."

"I'm afraid you'll be sorry," faltered Hope.

"I can't—oh, don't get the cloths off your head! You have a raging fever now," she cried out quickly, as she came to his side.

"I won't try to get well if you won't love me," said her patient, looking fierce and rumpling the napkins worse than ever.

With cheeks aflame, Hope replaced the cloths, and as she did so, left a kiss light and dewy upon the throbbing temples, and the choleric captain looked at her with eyes so soft with feeling that she could hardly recognise them, and said gently—

"Thank you, darling; I'll never quarrel with you again.

"The pain can be borne now that the heart is so glad."

Then, as Mrs. Cushing entered the room, he encircled Hope with one weak arm and said—

"Congratulate us, dear friend! We have snapped the bow strings of dissension, and laid our weapons on the grave of buried strife. We have decided to surrender mutually. She has accepted my treaty of peace and given me Hope."

At the Dance.

BY JULIUS THATCHER.

MRS. WILLIS is a woman who does everything in the world—her small part of it, that is to say—by fits and starts, and by her own caprice.

As she stands outside the Brewster's homestead gazing thoughtfully through one of the kitchen windows, she half-decides to turn back to the Ocean House, and never disturb Mattie Brewster's quiet but happy life.

Unconsciously Mattie Brewster decides her own fate.

There floats through the open window a quick, merry ditty, in an exquisite soprano voice.

That voice scatters Mrs. Willis' indecision to the winds.

"It would be a pity," she thinks, abnegating all responsibility, as is her wont, "if a girl like Mattie Brewster could never have a chance of seeing a little of life."

Then she steps up to the window and looks in.

Mattie is paring apples.

A dainty girl, with fair, straight features, an arch, smiling mouth, and eyes with the velvet blue lustre of pansies.

In her cheeks there is a faint, delicious color, born of country air and country fare.

But there is not the slightest trace of awkwardness about her.

Her supple, round arms are bared to the elbow.

As she works, she sings little bits of the love-ditty I have mentioned before.

She is all unaware that she has an admiring auditor and looker-on in Mrs. Willis.

Mrs. Willis has taken a great fancy to the girl.

I doubt if she would have noticed her at all, however, if it had not been for Mattie's voice and fresh young beauty.

The guests of the Ocean House have given many picnics this summer, and Mrs. Willis and several other ladies have been obliged to call on Farmer Brewster for cream, berries and fruit.

It was on one of these expeditions that she first saw Mattie.

At last Mrs. Willis taps softly with the ivory handle of her fan on the window-sill, and pulling aside a clinging vine, looks smilingly in at her young *protege*.

Mattie looks quickly up, half startled.

When she sees it is Mrs. Willis, she smiles back and comes eagerly forward.

She likes Mrs. Willis very much, and is not a little proud that she should be chosen as the friend of such a stylish, aristocratic lady.

"Did you ring?" she says. "I am so sorry.

"But I thought Susan was in the front part of the house, and——"

"But I didn't ring," laughs Mrs. Willis; "and you mustn't scold Susan when I am gone for neglecting her duties."

"Won't you please come in, then?"

"Thank you—no. It is so delicious out here among your old-fashioned flower-beds.

"And, then, I must go. We are going to give a dance to night at the Ocean House. Will you come?"

That Mattie is pleased with the invitation there can be no doubt.

The pansy-blue eyes shine, while a quick blush rushes to the fair face.

"What a delicious way she has of blushing," thinks Mrs. Willis, watching her, with delight.

And it is indeed a beautiful blush.

It is as if a white rose should suddenly turn a deep red, and then slowly become pale again.

"Then it is settled," says Mrs. Willis, seeing the delight in Mattie's face, though she had said nothing.

"Try to look your best, child, and you will take all hearts by storm.

"Au revoir."

And without waiting to hear what Mattie has to say, Mrs. Willis gets into a pony phaeton, as easy going and elegant as herself and drives rapidly away.

Mrs. Willis has scarcely gone, when Tom Haines knocks and enters, a slight frown on his sunny face.

He is a tall, sun-browned young fellow, with clear gray eyes; not handsome, certainly, but with an air about him that is honest and true.

"I wish you and that woman weren't such great friends," he says abruptly, standing tall and straight before Mattie, a displeased expression in his eyes.

Mattie is not working now.

Her fair white hands are folded idly in her lap, and she is staring straight before her, a thoughtful, dreamy expression on her face.

The sight irritates Tom.

He is angry with Mrs. Willis for putting "notions" into the girl's head.

His voice is sharper than he had meant it to be.

"Why?" says Mattie, looking quickly up.

There is a rebellious ring in her voice, which Tom does not see fit to notice.

"Companionship with Mrs. Willis and her set will only make you dissatisfied with your own condition in life.

"They are above you, socially and——"

Tom stopped.

"Why don't you go on?" says Mattie passionately.

"You were about to say that they are above me socially and intellectually.

"Here is the ring you gave me," tearing it from her finger and tossing it haughtily towards him.

"I will never marry a man who thinks me below other people."

"Mattie, you know I didn't mean that," says Tom hurriedly and pleadingly.

"Pardon me, but I know nothing of the kind," says Mattie.

"And really, Mr. Haines"—hiding her heart-pain beneath the smile women knew so well how to assume—"I don't wish to appear rude, but I am going to a dance at the Ocean House to-night, and I have considerable work to do before that time."

"I suppose Mrs. Willis' brother will be there?" sneers Tom, thoroughly aroused again at mention of the dance, and knowing that he has been given his conge.

"Mr. Palmer will probably be there," says Mattie, a faint flush stealing in her face.

Then she commences to pare the apples again, looking utterly unconscious of the presence of Mr. Tom Haines.

With a muttered imprecation on Reg Palmer, Tom turns on his heel and strides out of the room.

Women are all false and fickle to the core he thinks bitterly.

Every new face has power to charm them if it be only handsome, no matter how black the soul it masks.

Well, he has invested Mattie Brewster with an ideal character not belonging to other women, and he has found out his mistake—that is all.

He wishes her joy of Reg Palmer.

All of which is very untrue and very unjust of Tom.

He does not wish Mattie joy of Reg Palmer, and he is jealous without a cause, as Mr. Palmer is utterly indifferent to Mattie.

If he did but know it, Mattie is even now crying herself ill because of their quarrel.

But the wounded woman's pride sustains her, and when evening comes she is gay even to recklessness.

There is an exquisite flush on the fair face, and the pansy-blue eyes are shining.

Mrs. Willis comes for her in her carriage.

Her face lights up at the sight of the fair vision before her.

"You look like 'a daughter of the gods,'" she says delighted.

"That Kate Greenaway costume is too delicious!

"You will be the belle of the evening, ma chere."

Mattie blushes, and smiles with pleasure.

She knows that she is beautiful, and is not averse to having people tell her so.

Her father likes to have her dress well, and she knows how to set off her beauty to the best advantage.

Decidedly, she is the belle of the evening, and Mrs. Willis is pleased to present her to her select set.

Reg Palmer, handsome, polished and debonnaire, hovers about her most of the evening, and dances so often with Mattie that it occasions remark.

As Mattie listens to the tender nothings he whispers to her she smiles up at him, while that exquisite flush of hers steals over her face.

A woman is watching them intently—a pale, plain, slender woman, faultlessly dressed, but with an air of apathy and misery about her touching to behold.

"Do you know who that lady is?" says Mattie.

"She has been looking at me continually.

"She does not appear to be happy in this gay crowd."

Reg Palmer laughs uneasily.

"No-o, I do not know who she is," he says, in a strangely hesitating way.

"I think I have seen her before, but—I must have forgotten who she is."

Then he departs abruptly for an ice, and Mattie is left to marvel at his altered demeanor.

Mrs. Willis rustles up the next moment, the pale lady is by her side.

"Allow me to present my brother Reg's wife," she says. "Mrs. Palmer, Miss Brewster."

For a moment, Mattie feels faint and bewildered.

How miserably Reg Palmer has deceived her.

Then she rallies, and greets the wronged young wife with all the cordiality of her warm nature.

There is such a touchingly child-like air about Mrs. Palmer that Mattie falls in love with her on the spot.

She wonders indignantly how her husband can treat her so cruelly.

Mr. Reg Palmer has evidently seen them together, as he very discreetly keeps away for the rest of the evening.

How glad Mattie is when it is all over, and she is at home in her own room again.

What a weary, mocking sham fashionable life is.

How could she ever have compared her noble Tom with Reg Palmer?

She will never go to a fashionable ball again—never!

And she never does.

The next day Tom comes to ask to be forgiven, and is compelled to forgive remorseful Mattie instead;

As for Reg Palmer, that very day he flits to New York, leaving his wife at the Ocean House.

"Dear Reg!" says Mrs. Willis, in explanation to her friends; "he is so restless! And then, don't you know, his married life has been so—so much of a disappointment to him—and to us all, in fact."

Daisy Bloom.

BY FRANK Q. SMITH.

I AM Bill Gore, and I work at Mellish Mills.

It is a cotton mill, as you know; and besides the men, a good many girls work there.

I am not much of a fellow to go after the girls—I'm talking of myself as I was then, when what I'm telling you about happened—and the girls don't take it to heart that I am not a big, hulking fellow, with none of the ways girls like, and not apt to laugh or joke; and as for kissing, well, the woman I loved I'd be half afraid to kiss; and one I wouldn't be afraid to kiss I can't say I'd care to.

And I'll say no harm of the girls at the mill—Heaven knows I want to think none!—only there's some like dahlias and some like violets and peonies; and I'm one that would go far to get a little bunch of the kind I like along by the rocks in the woods in early spring, and don't care much for the big gaudy flowers with no perfume that nod at me over the railings of the gardens in autumn.

Everywhere you'll find more girls like the last than like the first—and naturally in a mill, where you might say there was none of the sheltering sweetness that girl-violets get in the homes of rich people.

And why should a mill-hand like me expect more than his mates?

So I just said to myself—

"I think you'll be an old bachelor, Bill Gore.

"I think you'll not be apt to have a home and a wife of your own.

"You expect more than you can ever get."

That was before Daisy Bloom came to Mellish's.

I remember well enough when I first saw her.

It was noon hour, and she was eating her lunch.

She had just come, and knew no one, and was shy, and she had climbed upon a window-sill in the entry, and had her little basket in her lap.

Her dress was only calico, but it fitted her shape beautifully.

Her hair curled and waved all over her head, though its length was knotted up at the back.

She had blue eyes and a fair skin, and tiny even white teeth.

She was just like a daisy, as fresh and pure, and when I asked her if she would have a drink of water, she thanked me with the sweetest smile.

To see her drink was like watching a little bird.

Afterwards, working at my task in the room above, I found myself thinking of her.

Going home along the road I was at it again.

In the night I wakened up with a thought of her in my mind.

Such a thing had never happened to me before, and the next day I went early to the mill and stood at the door to see her come in.

At night I loitered on the road to see her pass—something I had never done before—and, soon I got to know her to speak to.

We don't stand on etiquette in the mills.

Then the more I saw of her the happier I was.

All I had said about dying a bachelor slipped out of my mind.

I thought of a wife and a fireside now.

If I could make Daisy like me I should be very happy, happier than it seemed possible for me to be; but there my doubt lay.

I saw no reason why she should like me.

Then I had a rival.

Ever since I had taken notice of Daisy I had seen that young Mr. Mellish, the owner's son, was taken with her, and that he followed her about like her shadow.

They were rich people, these Mellishes, but the father had once been a mill-hand himself, and there seemed to me no reason why he should be vexed with his son for choosing a working girl for a wife.

And Ralph Mellish was young and handsome, and had plenty of money.

I had little hope that Daisy would choose me when she could have him.

But I made up my mind to try, and to try my best, and I cannot say but that I felt as good a man as the other if it came to that.

I knew that no man could love the lass more or better.

So into the lists I went, and I watched her face and I watched her actions, and I felt that whether she loved me or no, she liked me.

So one Sunday evening I caught her halfway between the church and the place where she lived, and I walked beside her, and we were quite alone on the country road, the river running at our right and the broad mill-dam, like a mirror, close at hand, and far away the purple mountains, with the sunset just streaking the sky behind them.

I looked down in her face, quieter than usual.

I remember now her pretty straw hat and her tidy Sunday gown, with the bit of blue ribbon tying the ruffle at her throat—or that is what it seemed to do to a man like me that knew nothing of woman's gear; and I tried to talk to her of common things, but I could not do it, and all of a sudden I spoke out, all breathless and choked.

"Daisy," said I, "I suppose you've found out by this time that I love you and want to marry you.

"Will you tell me whether it is any use?"

And then I stopped, and, at first, I could not see her face, or the road, or the sky; but I got my eyesight again in a moment, and knew that she was crying.

"Daisy," said I, "I'm waiting for just a word."

She looked up at me then with her face wet with tears

"Oh, Mr. Gore," she said, "I don't know what to say.

"You are so good.

"I like you so!

"But I——

"There's someone else.

"I—I'm promised."

"To Ralph Mellish?" said I.

"Yes," she said, blushing red. "But please keep it a secret.

"We must not let it be known just yet because of his father.

"You see, I'm poor and ignorant and only a mill-hand, and he——"

"You are too good for Ralph Mellish," said I.

"There, I don't mean any harm.

"He's well enough.

"But a king might be glad to get you.

"And—well, I'll bear it as bravely as I can.

"But I loved you, Daisy."

And then the child took my great hand in hers and kissed it.

"Oh, Bill," said she, "I know you do, and if—if I had never seen Ralph, I know I should have—oh, I don't know what I mean, but I am so sorry."

Well, life is made up of chances.

I knew as I left her that I had missed mine.

She could have liked me if I had come first.

"Good bless her," said I, "and keep her from sorrow!" and after that I never saw her again, if I could help it; and I never once spoke to her.

The months passed on—six of them.

In mid-October I had walked with Daisy from the church.

It was late in April when one day I heard it bruited about in the mill that Ralph Mellish was to be married.

We were to have a holiday and a supper.

I did not ask who his wife was to be—I thought I knew; but someone else put the question.

"It's a rich young lady from France," said someone.

"He rides with her every day.

"They say she brings him double his own fortune, and she's one of those dark beauties that put you in mind of diamonds, and seem to glow and shine."

"And that is the end of Daisy Bloom's nonsense," cried a girl.

I don't know what came into my heart then.

I could have killed Ralph Mellish; but a little hope crept in, all the same.

Though when I saw her, a pale little ghost, with hollow eyes and wasted cheeks, creeping home by a lonely by-way, I felt it was no time to let her see me.

She looked more than sad—she looked miserable.

Then there came a doubt that curdled the blood in my veins.

Ralph Mellish's wedding-day came.

We had our holiday, and there was a feast in the Mellish grounds, but I would not go to it.

I would not see him nor his bride, nor take salt with him.

I went away by myself where I could hear nothing of it.

I kept my day out of doors and walked long miles, and came home tired and ready to sleep soundly.

It was late, and after I'd had my bread and cheese and a glass the clock struck ten, and as I slept two hours, or thereabout, for it was striking twelve when I sat up in my bed in a deadly fright, thinking I heard a voice calling me.

"It was only a dream," I said; but I was shaking all over.

And as if it had been a cry of fire, I jumped up and began to dress.

I dressed as fast as a man might, and all the while I felt as though lives hung on my being at the mill-pond in five minutes.

"Come, come!" I heard voices cry—not real voices, but as though I knew they were calling with the ears of my spirit.

"Come, come!"

And then, not to frighten the good people of the house, I jumped from the window into the lane, and off like a wild colt towards the spot in the road where I had talked to Daisy six months before.

Now it was night, and the moon high, and curdled clouds flitting over her face and then leaving her shining like a thing of silver—a little figure wrapped in a black shawl—flying along, and seeming to keep the mill-pond in view.

And I knew the voices had called me for this and I followed it.

It stopped at the edge of the pond when I was just behind it, and there the shawl dropped to the ground and I saw that it was Daisy Bloom.

She looked like a ghost, and she flung her arms up like a madwoman.

"God have mercy on me!" said she, and made a spring.

But I caught her, and my arms prisoned her.

I held her fast, struggling and fluttering, and fighting with all her tiny might: and at last I led her away from the broad pond, with the moon in its depths, and under an old elm tree across the road I sat down with her, holding her fast still, and I said—

"Daisy, don't be afraid; it is a true friend—it is Bill Gore!"

"If you are a true friend, let me go!" said she.

"I don't want to live! What is there to live for?"

Oh, my heart knew its bitterest pang then!

"Daisy, Daisy!" I said.

"Oh, it's time you changed your name, I doubt.

"But God pity you all the same, for you were a daisy once—as pure and as sweet!"

She looked up at me then in a kind of frightened wonder.

"We were to be married, and he jilted me," she said.

"She is rich and I am poor; and I don't want to live to think it all over and over again!

"But what right have you to talk to me as if I was wicked? It is not wicked to be miserable!"

I looked into her eyes, and my heart grew light again, and I did not hate Ralph Mellish.

"Daisy," I said, "the trouble will pass and you are young.

"Ralph Mellish is not worth a thought of yours.

"You'll know it one day. Let me be a brother to you!

"Let me take you home, and find work for you far from here, and watch over you a little!

"You cannot want to die a dreadful death—to be drowned in the black pond there."

She shuddered.

"But he would have seen me there dead to-morrow," she said, "and he would have known——Oh, I loved him—I loved him!

"And that girl with the black eyes is his love now!"

It was hard to bear.

But I led her away as one leads a little child, and I knew, as she sobbed beside me, that she would not attempt suicide again.

The frenzy had passed.

The water frightened her now even when she heard it rippling amongst the stones in shallow places, and she clung to my arm with her little hands, and hid her face on my shoulder, as though I had been her brother.

The next day I found her work in mills that were miles away, but I stayed at Mellish's myself.

It is five years ago, and I have worked hard, and have saved money, and I have rented a little house—beyond the woods there—a tiny place, but big enough for two, and I am very happy, for as the years rolled on I went now and then to the town where Daisy worked, and saw her, a first, a little sad; then calm and quietly cheerful; at last, quite her old self. And, after awhile, we wrote to each other, as brother and sister might.

And now it is just a month since I went to see her, and stayed in the town over Sunday, went to church with her in the afternoon.

We walked home together along a river not unlike that which runs beside Mellish's Mill, and the pond might have been the same, and the purple mountains far away, with a sunset sky beyond them, and I was thinking of that Sunday long ago, when she said, in a sort of hurry, "Bill, what has become of Ralph Mellish, and how has he used his wife?"

"Ralph Mellish is at the mills yet," I said.

"But he has been in every way a bad husband.

"She has left him. You would not know him, Daisy.

"Drink has spoiled his face, and his hand shakes, and he is coarse and ugly to look at."

"I often wonder now how he made me like him," said she.

"As I grow older, I know I should never have been happy with him.

"I care nothing about him now, Bill.

"That is quite gone for ever.

"It is like a dream that I once loved him.

"I wanted to tell you.

"There is so much talk about women loving for ever, no matter how bad a man is.

"That very night, after I was so mad, so foolish, all my love for him went out of my heart; and, oh, it was joy to be free of it!"

I looked in her sweet face.

"Could you ever care for any one else, Daisy?" asked I.

"It depends on who that someone was," said she.

"If it were I?" said I. "I've loved you all along, Daisy."

"If it were you, yes," said she.

So we are to be married before August.

WHAT unthankfulness it is to forget our consolation and to look upon matters of grievances; to think so much upon two or three crosses as to forget a hundred blessings.

ENGLAND'S NOBILITY.

INTERMARRIAGE between the leading families of England is so common that it sometimes seems as if the peers of the realm were all cousins to each other, more or less removed.

This fact becomes patent when some death takes place among them, especially if the death is sudden and tragic, like that of the late Lord Frederick Cavendish, who was murdered in the Phœnix Park, and therefore attracted a good deal of newspaper and society attention.

I was wandering about rural England when this young nobleman was murdered, and I received the impression from the tone of the talk in the country, where the nobility and gentry are so strongly intrenched, that Cavendish was more or less remotely connected with about all the leading families—that his sudden and tragic end carried sorrow into an immense number of the households of the nobility who were related to him.

There are of course instances where the sons of peers step out of the lines of their order and marry the daughters of rich commoners.

But these instances are far less frequent than is generally supposed.

As a class, the nobility of England have exceptionally good physiques.

In childhood and youth they have, of course, the best the world affords in the way of physical and mental training.

At a very early age both sexes are taught to ride and drive, and are made familiar with a great variety of healthful and pleasurable out-of-door exercises and recreations.

All these matters are attended to under the tutorship of expert teachers.

I often had the pleasure of seeing the sweet little boys and girls of the baronial halls of England as at a very tender age they were being "coached" in the various uses of their Welsh and Shetland ponies on the fine roads that wound their way under the shadows of the old trees, on their great home parks.

I count these little glimpses of the happy and healthy home life of these children among my pleasant English reminiscences.

When these little boys are older they will go to Eton, Oxford or Cambridge, and alongside of the finest mental culture they will be cared for in the matter of physical education in a way not surpassed in any land.

And then they will have travel and all the advantages that come from leisure and wealth.

Heredity has given them good blood; education will do all that can be done for them.

No wonder that I found among the nobility and gentry of England fine specimens of the English race.

B. S.

SUITS AT LAW.—The following is as odd as some of the legal decisions in our own land.

Four men in Germany, partners in business, bought some cotton bales.

That the rats might not destroy the cotton, they purchased a cat.

They agreed that each of the four should own a particular leg of the cat; and each adorned with beads and other ornaments the leg thus apportioned to him.

The cat, by accident, injured one of his legs.

The owner of that member wound about it a rag soaked in oil.

The cat, going too near the fire, set the rag on fire, and being in great pain rushed in among the cotton bales, where she was accustomed to hunt rats.

The cotton thereby took fire, and was burned up.

It was a total loss.

The three other partners brought a suit, to recover the value of the cotton, against the fourth partner, who owned the particular leg of the cat.

The judge examined the case and decided thus:

The leg that had the oiled rag on it was hurt; the cat could not use that leg and ran on the other three legs.

The three unhurt legs, therefore, carried the fire to the cotton, and are alone culpable.

The injured one is not to be blamed.

The three partners who owned the three legs with which the cat ran to the cotton will pay the whole value of the bales of the partner who was proprietor of the injured leg.

IN report of a recent southern camp meeting, "an eloquent divine" is thus quoted: "The wheels of the righteous shriek and groan as they toil up the hill of salvation and over the ruts of temptation and the bridge of damnation, and have to screwdge pretty lively to get up at all; but the sinner, with greased wheels and flying colors, slip down to perdition like a dose of oil with a rip and a whiz, and raises no dust whatever."

Better Than in Ten Years.

A gentleman in East Saginaw, Michigan, reports, after using Compound Oxygen: "My nervousness, headache and inability to sleep have been almost entirely overcome. I feel better in every way than I had before in ten years." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, actions, and results, with reports of cases and full information, *sent free*. Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 & 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Too Late.

BY JOHN FROST.

"HOW do you like her, Mac?"

Young Dr. MacJames looked up at his cousin a second before answering.

"My dear, if she were worth ten thousand, I would marry her to-morrow.

"She is a girl that ten years from now will make a mark, and will do honor even to a MacJames.

His cousin, fair golden-haired Carrie, was silent, and outside the door in the hall Miriam had come, all unheard in her slippered feet, but not unhearing, and stood silent also.

She was not vain, so felt a strange delight in this man's words, cruel and heartless as they were.

But she was proud and sensitive, and her eyes flashed, and something of the superb power that the heartless MacJames prophesied for ten years hence, thrilled her as she stood there.

Then she shivered as she thought how easily she could have been won by this handsome, careless man had she been wealthy.

Won, but, alas! not loved.

She crept quietly away, wondering if she could ever be anything to be proud of, anything but a poor, badly-paid school-teacher.

* * * * * * *

"I'm thirty to-day.

"Once I should have thought myself old at this age, with the best of life past, and little before me to enjoy.

"But now I am very happy, thankful, and content."

Miriam Roscoe was looking across the blue sea waters, her hands resting upon the railing of the balcony, her calm, sweet face grave and thoughtful.

The people on the beach below looked up at her, and marvelled at so much beauty.

Every passer-by took a second gaze at Miriam Roscoe.

"Who is she?" asked William MacJames of his friend, Jack Herbert.

"Miss Roscoe."

"Is that all there is to say of her?"

"No.

"I might talk all day of her, and you would be just as little acquainted."

"What is this mystery about her?

"You have not been quarreling with her?"

"No, we are good friends.

I knew your questions were prompted by mere idle curiosity, so I thought it better to wait until you met her."

"But who is she?"

"A lady who has won a fair fame and unexpectedly inherited considerable wealth. She has met trouble and sorrow that would have crushed a woman less brave, and now from it all she brings a nature so thoroughly pure, that men are made better for her living."

"She is wealthy and famous, you say, and yet unmarried?"

"Yes, Mac; even an old maid, if you like.

"But no one ever thinks of that."

Jack Herbert frowned, and there was a ring of grave displeasure in his usually sweet, strong voice.

This questioning angered him, even when coming from a friend.

Dr. MacJames at his side, handsome, fascinating, and worldly-minded, turned again to look at the white-robed figure, whose appearance in Newport had caused so much fluttering among the butterflies of fashion.

An hour later, as the two friends returned from their stroll, they saw Miss Roscoe tightening the reins over her high-stepping horse.

"By Jove! those are magnificent animals!" exclaimed Dr. MacJames.

"Yes, and she handles them perfectly, too."

And Herbert's dark eyes flashed, and a wonderful light swept over his face with the smile and bow he gave Miss Roscoe, while she gave a glance at both, but a smile to only one, as she dashed by.

The fastidious man of fashion was smitten.

That evening, at a party, Jack Herbert introduced her to his friend.

She rose, smiling graciously, a thorough lady, with no pretence of girlishness.

Her eyes were clear, brave, and tender, her face one that changed with every thought, but was ever pure and true.

The season was nearly over before Dr. MacJames could summon sufficient courage to meet his fate.

One night Miss Roscoe was standing on the balcony listening to the ever beautiful music of the ocean's roar, when Dr. MacJames found her there, looking, he said, like the picture of a saint.

"Did you come to escape the crowd?" he asked.

"No.

"Had the crowd been here, I should have stayed.

"I love the sea so much."

"But you neglect the pleasures of the dance."

"I never dance," she answered, "and so no pleasures are missed."

"I missed you, and searched until I found you [illegible]."

"Yes, dreaming — or rather, perhaps, thinking of past life."

"Your past, like the glorious present, must be good to remember.

"I was only thinking of the starting point.

"Shall we return?"

"Not unless you wish it, Miss Roscoe, for I have wanted to see you alone, but have not been able to.

"You must know what it is I have to tell you, for no man can be in the sunshine of your presence without loving you.

"Oh, Miriam, I love you!

"No, love is too cold a word to express my feelings.

"Will you be my wife, Miriam?"

Dr. MacJames was pale with the great passion which had thrilled his soul.

His eyes were burning and bright as they searched her face for one tender look, and his hand, which had taken hers, closed over it with a fierce, overmastering grasp.

She was looking away across the sea.

Presently she turned and faced him.

Then, in the coldest tones, she asked—

"Is it myself, or my money, that you would marry?"

All the scorn and subdued feelings of twelve years rang out in that clear, cold, but proud, voice.

"Yourself!

"What care I for wealth?

"Come to me penniless.

"I have wealth enough for both, or I will work for you.

"Only tell me that you will be mine."

"Wait, Doctor MacJames, until I repeat your words of twelve years ago.

"Let me show you how well I can remember.

"You said of Miriam Roscoe, the poor friendless school-teacher, 'if she were worth ten thousand, I would marry her to-morrow!'

"I am worth four times that now, and you come saying that you love me.

"Had you said so then, the poor girl would have believed you, and Miriam Roscoe would have been your wife.

"But—hear me—I am glad you did not say it, for when I crept away, after hearing your cutting words to my friend—your cousin Carrie—I determined to be 'worthy a MacJames.'

"Years ago, I should have thought your offer made to-night to be the best in the world.

"Now I can only say that I am sorry if you suffer through caring for me."

The sweet voice was silent; the waves moaned and sobbed like some doomed lost soul.

"Is there no hope?" he asked.

"None."

"Oh, Miriam, can you not forgive my youthful, foolish and mercenary words? Miriam, let me live for you, and prove my love by that!"

Her face turned white as his, and a look of pain came to her grave eyes.

Then softly, with a world of tenderness in her tone—

"I can give you no hope, for I am engaged to marry Mr. Herbert.

"We have loved each other for a long time."

A gasp for breath, and the strong Dr. MacJames had fainted.

The love of his life had come too late.

Jack Herbert led Miriam away from the balcony, thinking that his friend would recover quicker if he did not awake to see the one he loved so intensely.

Herbert and Miriam were married quietly the following day, and, as at first, they still continue to walk in the glory of perfect love.

HONEIN'S SHOES.—The proverbs of a people are often illustrated by or take their rise in stories of a humorous character, and Arab proverbs are no exception to this rule. Here is an instance. There was a certain shoemaker named Honein, and an Arab came to purchase a pair of shoes at his shop. The usual bargaining began; the cobbler asking twice the proper price, and the Bedouin offering half. The son of the Desert, however, was impatient, and, before the proper mean had been arrived at, gave up the game of haggling, and went off in high dudgeon. Honein resolved on revenge, and, hurrying forward on the road where he knew the Arab would have to pass, he threw down one of the shoes. Presently the Arab came up, and, seeing the shoes, said to himself, "How like this is to one of Honein's shoes! If the other were but with it I would take them." Honein had meanwhile gone on further still and thrown down the other shoe, hiding himself close by to watch the fun. When the Desert Arab came to the shoe, he regretted having left the first, but, tying up his camel, went forth to fetch it. Honein at once mounted and rode off home, well satisfied with the exchange of a camel for a pair of shoes. When the Arab returned on foot to his tribe, and they asked him what he had brought from his journey, he retorted, "I have brought back nothing but Honein's shoes." And the saying became proverbial for a bootless errand.

A PEDLAR walked into a broker's office and offered pens for sale. "You seem to steal a coat, not to sell pens," said the broker, as he thrust out the following story as the pedlar appeared to [illegible] "Now, sir," he roared, with air of triumph, "do I look as though I came to steal a coat?" "No," replied the broker, "but [illegible] as though you had stolen one."

WHEN the organs of secretion become inactive by reason of a cold or other cause, the inflammatory material should be removed and healthy action restored. Ayer's Pills accomplish this quickly, safely and surely. Much serious sickness and suffering might be prevented by promptly correcting such derangements which often develop into settled disease.

New Publications.

Please notice that the Publishing House of Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co., 739 and 741 Broadway, New York, also London and Paris, has been reorganized into a Limited Joint-stock Company under the general style of Cassell & Company, Limited.

Those who read it will agree with us in saying that "His Second Campaign" the latest issue of the "Round Robin" series is one of the best it contains. There is a breeziness and freshness about it akin to the Georgia fields wherein its first and best scenes are located. The characters are few and out of the usual run met in stories of its class. The style of narration is easy and natural with some beautiful bits of description in the way of scenery. Of course a main element would be wanting unless there was more or less contrasting of Northern and Northern character etc., but no oppressive moral is particularly inculcated. It is a good story with little or nothing unnatural about it, and of interest sufficient to mark with a red-letter an otherwise pleasureless day. Published by Osgood, Boston. For sale by Claxton. Price $1,00.

"Those Pretty St. George Girls," a new society Novel, just published is an exceedingly bright, fresh, interesting and original romance of English high life, with spirited and dashing glimpses of travel and flirtation on the Continent. Indeed, the whole novel savors strongly of flirtation, delicately but piquantly carried on in fashionable and aristocratic society. Everything is light and breezy, and there is scarcely an incident without its gay side. It is a foregone conclusion that lady readers especially will be delighted with "Those Pretty St. George Girls." But masculine readers will also discover much that will please them. With its fine plot, telling incidents and very sprightly dialogue, "Those Pretty St. George Girls" will be voted one of the best and most readable novels of the season. It is published bound in morocco cloth, price $1.25, or in paper cover, price seventy-five cents. T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila.

MAGAZINES.

The leading paper in July *St. Nicholas* is the carefully written and illustrated article on the "Brooklyn Bridge" by Charles Barnard. The diagrams are numerous and the descriptions accurate. The frontispiece, "The Lifting of the Fog," shows the great bridge dimly seen through the rifts of the mist. Among the stories are "How Johnnie's Men Struck Work," by Sophia Swett, and "A Story of a Brave Girl," a revolutionary tale, by George E. Throop. The boys will be interested in W. L. Alden's instructions for making a catamaran, and both boys and girls will be attracted by Charles G. Leland's illustrated article on "Brass Work." Silk culture also receives attention with an account of some bright girls' successes, and there is an interesting paper on the "National Amateur Press Association." The serials of Mr. Trowbridge and Mr. Ellis are continued, and "The Story of Robin Hood" by Maurice Thompson is finished. There is another entertaining "Drummer-Boy" paper, by Harry M. Kieffer. An interesting feature of the number is the prize compositions on "Robert Burns" and "A Shark in Sight," with the long roll of honor of those whose essays were almost but not quite so good. And there is much besides in the magazine that is timely, entertaining and amusing. The Century Magazine, New York.

Three of the new lights in American literature are represented in the July *Century*—Mr. Howells by an installment of "A Woman's Reason," Mr. Cable by an article on New Orleans, and Mr. James by a discursive and agreeable essay upon Anthony Trollope, whom he appreciates and admires very justly. One of the good things said of Trollope is that he derived half of his inspiration from nature and the other half from Thackeray. A Virginian, Mr. Botsler, and an abolitionist, Mr. Sanborn, present contrasting views of the John Brown raid, and General Stone gives an interesting sketch of "Washington on the Eve of the war." Mr. Smalley's illustrated article on "Striking Oil" covers a familiar field in a familiar way, and there are some admirable studies of negro dialect and folk-lore in Mr. Harris' "Nights With Uncle Remus." One other good thing is the tender little "Legend of Padre Jose" by Thomas A. Janvier. [illegible] important engravings are a striking portrait of J. G. Holland, [illegible] at Lavra, sketches [illegible] girl. The rest of the miscellaneous contents with the departments are likewise choice readings. The Century Co., New York.

The *Manhattan Magazine* begins its second volume with a bright and promising number, of which the leading feature is an [illegible] by Henry J. Van Dyke. Julian Hawthorne begins a new story called "Dr. [illegible] Rudolph," and Carroll Johnson enlarges on the necessity of [illegible] guide books for the use of [illegible] immigrants. There are besides a large number of good stories, poetry and miscellaneous matter by some of the leading writers of the day in this country and abroad. Published at Temple Court, New York. 25 cents per number.

OUR voice all over the land goes up from [illegible] the sick, "My dear [illegible] so [illegible] and with [illegible] and [illegible] at the [illegible]. What can we do for them?" The answer is supplied to [illegible]. One to four teaspoonfuls of Hop Bitters will make them healthy, rosy, sprightly, and cheerful.

MEDICAL PROGRESS.

OF all the benefactors of mankind in the different spheres of discovery and invention, none are entitled to higher honors than the bright lights of the world of medicine.

Give those in the other fields of labor and achievement all the credit that is justly their due, yet none deserve the meed of thanks and praise that should be given him who has made the alleviation of human suffering, and prolongation of life the object of his toil and investigation.

And among such as have, in this line of pursuit, earned the warmest commendation of their fellow man, the name of Dr. Radway stands out shining with mid-day lustre. An earnest student and early recognizing the grand fundamental truths which underlie the world of disease and remedy, he took advantage of these principles to produce certain specifics which should cover the widest possible range, and his remarkable success has entitled him to the gratitude of all men, as well as insured his fame as a scientific and able student of the curative secrets of Mother Nature.

After a most careful survey of the field, the general causes, progress and remedial requirements of the leading, or as it were the breeding sources of the most common and dangerous human ailments, Dr. Radway directed his attention to three points,—the relief of pain, the restoration to the system of lost vigor, and the fortifying of the system against the encroachments of disease. And he has prepared specific medicines for each of those purposes, to which we would briefly invite attention.

The point of all others which he first sought to attain was a medicine which immediately started the curative process by alleviating pain. Bringing the system to a state of quietude and freedom from suffering is of the utmost importance before the virtues of any remedy can make themselves felt. Such a medicine which acts soothingly and like a miracle, is "Radway's Ready Relief." It can be used either internally or externally, and is applicable to nearly every disease that flesh is heir to, from toothache to the most complicated and severe ailments. The great beauty of this panacea is its simplicity and ease of application, it being within the reach of all. The "Ready Relief" has been such a blessing to legions of suffering people that it fast becoming an absolute necessity of every household in the land. Its value in all kinds of fever is very remarkable, and has [illegible]

[illegible] which afflict humanity are [illegible] from [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Our Young Folks.

TREMBLEDOM.

BY PIPKIN.

JAN was afraid of nothing; so he said.

But in real truth Jan was a little coward.

If a cow only dared to look at him, Jan would run as if his life depended upon his speed.

If a dog barked in his presence, Jan's knees would knock together under him.

If he were left in the dark by himself, he fancied all sorts of terrible things, although he ought to have known that he was as safe by night as by day.

Jan was a coward, there was no doubt about it, although he always tried to make his schoolfellows believe he was as brave as a lion.

One day all the boys at Jan's school had a holiday, and the master took them to a picture-gallery, where they saw a number of paintings illustrating heroic deeds.

Jan seized the occasion to boast before all his fellows of what he would do if he or any of his friends were in danger, and he spoke so warmly that even those who had long suspected Jan's cowardice began to think that after all they might be wrong.

At any rate his words were greeted with approval, and it was with a very self-satisfied heart that Jan reached home.

Was it surprising that Jan's thoughts took shape in rhyme, and that he heard ringing in his ears—

"Jan, Jan,
When you're a man,
You'll be the bravest in the fight!
Where'er you go
You'll fear no foe,
And men will tremble at your might!"

After dinner, Jan thought it was a very clever thing to take his sister's knitting, and endeavor to spoil what she had done.

I wonder whether this was his idea of bravery and heroism!

Sitting on a stool unravelling the wool, he began to think of the various pictures he had seen that morning, until suddenly a strange sound as of a regiment of soldiers marching.

Tramp! tramp! he could hear them coming, and soon he could distinguish the clank of their armor, and the ring of their pikes.

Who could they be, and how did they get into the house?

What did they want?

Jan was not long left in doubt, for some time before he saw them he could hear them chanting a kind of song, and surely his own name was mentioned in it.

It sounded like—

"Jan, Jan,
The valiant man,
Come forth as quickly as you can!
We're here to-day
To take you away,
To see if you'll do things that you say!"

Jan was terribly frightened, and still more so when the soldiers appeared, with an officer at their head, holding a drawn sword in his hand.

But if he could only have heard the next verse of their song, which by-the-by they muttered under their breath, he might perhaps have been bolder.

"We're afraid, we're afraid!
We're sadly dismayed!
We'd much rather not be here!
If he dare show his face
Sad will be our disgrace;
We shall race to our kingdom of fear!"

But Jan did not hear this, and, scarcely knowing how he did it, he rushed wildly out of the house, and down the street, with the soldiers after him.

The race was soon over, however.

Jan was caught, and this was his sentence—

"Shivery-shaky, quivery-quaky!
Sad is his fate for a day and a night!
Heart pit-a-pattering,
Teeth chit-a-chattering,
Won't he be in a terrible fright!"

Then Jan was blindfolded and led away by two of the men, who held him tightly by the collar.

After going some distance, as it seemed, he heard a great noise, that sounded like a mixture of groans, and shrieks, and yells, and then he felt that the men who held him were trembling violently.

"Here we are in Trembledom at last," said one of them, and he began to sing in a frightened tone—

"Enchanted plain,
In grief and pain,
A prisoner here we bring.
Keep him in fright
Till morning light,
Though he's brave as any thing."

Then the soldiers released Jan, and by the time he had torn the bandage off his eyes they had disappeared.

When Jan opened his eyes it was night, and he could not see a yard before him.

Feeling the ground cautiously with his hand, he came to the conclusion that he was on a grassy plain.

Moving a foot or two farther on, he plunged his hand into a deep hole, and in doing so, knocked one or two stones off the edge.

He heard them go bump, bump, against the sides, but they never seemed to reach the bottom.

As he thought of the narrow escape he had had he trembled so that he almost fell into the hole.

He daren't stay so close to it, that was certain.

He groped along on his hands and knees, and moved some yards in the other direction.

But suddenly, before he knew it, he fell into a black muddy bog, and every minute he seemed to sink deeper and deeper until only his head was above the ground.

Then just as he thought he must disappear from sight, and had uttered a despairing cry for help, a hand clutched him by the hair, and he was on dry ground once more.

And as he stood shivering, he heard a squeaky voice in the air, saying—

"Shivery-shaky,
Quivery-quaky,
How do you like it here?
What is the matter?
How your teeth chatter!
Surely you've nothing to fear."

Jan was in a sad plight indeed, as covered with black mud, he rested against a tree.

Just then the moon rose up above a bank of cloud, and Jan saw, to his horror, that the tree was a kind of giant, and that its two long arms were stretched out to grasp him.

This was where the voice came from then.

He didn't wait to think, but started off, with his hair on end, and ran madly over the plain, while the mocking voice followed him—

"Oh, what fun
To see him run,
Jan, Jan, the valiant one!
Ho! ho! ho!
I'm only a tree,
And yet he's as frightened as frightened can be!"

And then, without any further adventure, he ran into daylight, strange to say, and the first things he saw were a boy and a girl, most oddly dressed, and with spiral wires in place of legs.

They were both crying bitterly, but Jan was unfeeling, as all cowards are, and he only laughed.

More than that, he was bigger, so he determined to bully them.

He noticed at the feet of each was a large slice of cake, but as the spiral wires acted as springs the children could not bend to reach the tempting pieces.

The children were gluttons, and this was their punishment, but the story of their troubles and how they got out of them is too long to tell here.

Jan, seeing the state of affairs, put himself in an imposing attitude, and ordered them to pick up their cake.

Of course they couldn't do it.

Then Jan put his hands on their heads and bobbed them up and down.

Very clever, wasn't it, Master Jan, but it was your turn next.

Without knowing it, Jan's legs had become springs.

Suddenly a very heavy hand was put on his head, and up and down he went, as it seemed for hours.

Oh, how dizzy and how frightened he was.

And all this time the two little children jeered at him, singing—

"Jan, Jan,
Where are your legs?
Have you them off
And hung them on pegs?
Oh, dear, what fun
To see you go!
What can you have done
To be treated so?"

Then, Jan couldn't understand how, the scene changed, and his legs were his own once more.

But his head seemed to have suffered, for all the hair had come away from the top of it—just where the pressure of the man's hand had been.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the children—

"Ha! ha! ha! he has lost his hair!
He has been in such a fright
For a day and a night
That his hair is gone and his head is bare!"

Jan made a rush at the children, but they suddenly disappeared, and the scene changed in a wonderful way.

On looking round him, Jan found that he was on the seashore, and seeing a small boy in nautical attire in front of him he called to him.

"Hi! hi!" said he, "can you tell me the way to Hembledom?"

Hembledom was where Jan lived.

Without deigning to turn round, the boy answered in a quaint tone—

"'Twixt Tremblesom and Hembledom
Lie miles and miles of sea!
Pray take a trip in this 'ere ship,
And sail along o'me."

Jan saw nothing for it but to do so. So he followed his companion to the water's edge, when a boat from the ship took them on board.

Soon after they had sailed another vessel came up, and then commenced one of those naval combats of which Jan had read in history, and paintings of which he had seen in the picture-gallery.

Cannon-balls seemed to cleave the air in every direction.

The sails and the riggings were cut to pieces.

But Jan was safe, at any rate for the present.

For at the first sign of the impending fight he had hidden himself in a dark corner.

And now, for the first time Jan began to see how cowardly, and how cruel he was.

He a hero?

"Not a bit of it.

He was a boaster, and nothing else.

And no sooner had he thought all this out than he began to speak his thoughts aloud, and, lo! he heard the tramp, tramp of the soldiers once more, but this time their song was in a different key—

"Bravo, Jan,
The valiant man,
Come forth at once from all this strife!
You're brave to-day,
Since you can say,
'I've been a coward all my life.'"

And with a start, Jan jumped up and found himself in his own home.

* * * * * *

"I'm a coward," said he to his sister that evening.

"I've spoilt your knitting, merely because I knew I was stronger than you.

"But I am very sorry now, and I'll give you my bright shilling, if you'll only forgive me."

"I'm a coward after all," said Jan to his school-fellows next morning. "I know now that if the chance offered I should never act like a hero."

But although Jan didn't know it, when he made those two speeches he had commenced to be a hero, and he had done braver things than ever before in his life.

And Jan's sister and companions lived to see Jan a real hero, and I am sure that that dream after the visit to the picture-gallery had no small share in making him so.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

BY PERCY VERE.

STANDING at the window of my sitting-room on a second floor, and looking down upon the busy life below, I saw a beautiful little basket-phaeton drawn by the sleekest pony imaginable, coming down the street.

It was a summer day—a day in June, too, and just as perfect in its way as though the sun had shone.

A gentle pattering rain was laying the dust of street and sidewalk, refreshing the parched leaves and filling the air with humid fragrance.

But that phaeton!

It contained a lady, and in one hand she had the "ribbons" of the dainty-stepping little chestnut.

In the other an umbrella which she held far more carefully over her companion than herself.

An invalid?

No, it did not seem so, for he sat bolt upright beside the lady; and invalids usually lean more or less, according to their degree of feebleness.

The lady was very fair to look upon—decidedly patrician in her manner.

She was the heiress of a millionaire, and the wife of Julius McFarland, a successful speculator and broker.

I did not know her personally, for she moved in the social world above the niche I occupied as a mechanic's wife, but by reputation I knew somewhat of her, and that she was a popular leader in the so-called reforms of the day I had often heard.

The McFarlands had one child—a beautiful boy of ten years.

But Master Dick McFarland was not the sharer of the soft, plush-covered seat in the basket-phaeton, and, now I think of it, I have not told you who was.

I am not certain I ever knew his rightful cognomen, but the name I bestowed upon him will answer for the purpose of my story just as well.

Rags!

That was the name I gave him, for he looked as if he had been made of odds and ends from some well-filled rag-bag, and he was a pet Scotch terrier.

He looked behind the mass of tangled hair that hung over his face, and tried, in his doggish way to see all that was to be seen, while his mistress bowed her patrician head to speak to that grotesque little bundle of hair.

I stood—absently drumming upon the window some time after the phaeton disappeared around the corner, wondering. In my old-fashioned way, why people should take their dogs to ride instead of their children.

When John came home to dinner—John is that husband of mine—he said—

"Millie, I want you to go with me to the lecture in Mechanics' Hall to-morrow night."

"Who speaks?" I asked.

"Mrs. McFarland, on the rights of women."

"Yes," I said, "I'll go.

"And I wonder if she will have Rags by her side?"

"Have what?" John asked, looking at me in surprise.

So I explained, and he laughed very heartily.

"To think," he said, "that my wife should get up so much feeling about one small dog."

"The dog is well enough," I retorted, "but 'tis the principle involved."

Rights of women, indeed!

And I cleared my table, thinking the while that husband and home were enough to make my province complete—without dogs or reform!

Later in the afternoon I started out for a walk, and going through a back street, saw Dick McFarland with a boy, older than himself, taking a glass of soda, or something, in Mulligan's saloon.

A thought of woman's rights struck me very forcibly, and I feared Mrs. McFarland was neglecting one of them, as Dick and his companion, with flushed faces, sauntered along just behind me, talking as boys will; and there was a reckless, defiant ring in Dick's voice that I did not like to hear.

He was using slang as if he was becoming familiar with it.

I went with John to the lecture.

We had a seat in the gallery, but near enough to the speaker's platform to see and hear with comfort.

The lecturer was not in sight, and the vast assemblage was on the *qui vive* for her appearance.

She came out of an ante-room soon, and passed to the platform with a bow as graceful as effective.

She was dressed faultlessly, and she had an irresistible graciousness of manner that enthralled her vast audience, while for more than an hour, in a voice of silvery cadence, she discussed in its various bearings the complex subject of the rights of woman.

She grew eloquent over the wrongs of her sex, and spoke of the limitless power of woman's influence were the avenues now closed only opened to her tread, and—I—thought of Mulligan's saloon and the lecturer's curly-headed boy.

Storms of applause greeted Mrs. McFarland's ears at the conclusion of the lecture, and even my John—as we sat in our cosy little sitting-room after our return—remarked—

"What a fine speaker!"

"How would you like your wife occupying a similar position had nature endowed her with such rare eloquence?" I asked.

And his answer was that he would be best suited with his wife as she was now—a home missionary and loving partner.

Five years glided away.

John was a master builder, and out of his earnings he had saved enough to buy a little home-nest of a cottage—our own home—John's and mine.

A smaller John had come to live with us, that we thought rather smarter than any of the neighbors' boys.

Not an uncommon idea, I believe, for parents.

A boy with a particular affinity for noise and litter, for mischief and merriment, and with all the comfort he brought, he was a perpetual anxiety—but our boy, and by day and night to be carefully watched and guided.

One night John was reading his paper.

"Listen, Millie," he said to me.

And then he read that young Richard McFarland, only son of the late Julius McFarland, had just been arrested for drunkenness and violence in his own mother's house, where he had become a kind of terror.

"Only fifteen," John remarked, "and it will be hard for his widowed mother.

"I pity Mrs. McFarland," I replied; "but I cannot help thinking if she had given less time to public 'reforms,' and more to the training of her boy's morals, things might have been different, for 'as ye sow, so shall ye reap.'"

What with a rich father and a mother looking beyond her own home for 'reform' and 'wrong' and progress,' the boy had been unrestrained, and left to his own devices for companionship and employment, and become a living exemplar of his mother's miserable misconception of her sphere and duty.

Moral—When you see an elegantly-dressed woman riding out with a "Rags" at her side, while her children at home are left to the guidance of servants or to their own unrestrained devices for occupation and company—think of Mrs. McFarland.

DOLLS.—Dolls are of greater antiquity than many may imagine. They are traced back to their 'profane' first appearance on pulpit shows. The practice of sending them from France to foreign countries was of very early date. In the royal expenses for 1301, figure so much money for a doll sent to the Queen of England; in 1496, another sent to the Queen of Spain; and in 1577, a third to the Duchess of Bavaria. Henry IV. writes in 1600, before his marriage to Marie de Medicis; "Frontenac tells me that you desire patterns of our fashions in dress. I send you, therefore, some model dolls."

WHILE we wrangle here in the dark we are dying and passing to the world that will decide all our controversies; and the safest passage thither is by peaceable holiness.

LONE JACK, Mo., Sept., 14, 1879.

I have been using Hop Bitters, and I have received great benefit from them for liver complaints and malarial fever. They are superior to all other medicines.

P. M. BARNES.

THREE DECADES.

BY J. H.

One was fragile, and pale and fair,
With golden lights in her silken hair;

One was gay with a careless grace
That lent its beauty to form and face;

One had eyes of a tender blue,
With sweet thoughts gliding through and through;

One was slender and lithe and bold,
A child of the warlike captains old;

One was low browed and dark and strong,
With locks unfettered, and black and long;

They were all friends, and the self-same day
Their barques dropped seaward and bore away

Five young spirits with hopes unfurled,
Five bright dreamers to meet the world.

* * * * * * * *

One is lying with silent feet
Where the setting sun and the daylight meet;

Twice ten times have the violets sown
Their seeds of tears on the grave of one;

One met death in the haunts of pain,
And her soul went forth in a joyous strain;

One went down in an ocean storm,
She of the courage grand and warm;

One was eager and stern and strong,
But strength and will have been passive long.

The eyes undaunted is dim to-day,
And the locks unfettered are thin and gray.

Four have written their records down,
Four are wearing the laurel crown.

One looks back through a mist of tears
On the dust and ashes of thirty years.

A QUESTION OF TIME.

IN the Kensington Museum at London is shown an ancient clock that was made in 1325 by a monk for Glastonbury Abbey. It is going still. For more than five centuries it has been keeping time. It told the hours long before Columbus came to America, and when a few painted savages wandered over the sites of New York and Brooklyn. It was going when Hendrick Hudson first sailed into New York harbor. It still measures time, while steam and electricity are moving all around it.

But when it was first made the venerable clock was as much an object of wonder as a steam-engine or an electrical machine. Only kings and rich monasteries could purchase a clock.

There were only a few in all Europe. It was thought at first that these wonderful machines were the inventions of sorcerers and magicians.

There are two kinds of clocks—spring clocks, in which the wheels are moved by the uncoiling of a coiled spring; and pendalum clocks, which are moved by the falling of a weight, the falling being regulated by the swinging of a pendalum. When a pendalum is not swinging, it makes each swing backward and forward in just the same time until it stops, no matter whether the spring is over a long or short space. Its spring is over a longer space at first than towards the last, when it is about to stop, but it goes faster, so that the time of the swing is always equal. This is called the "isochronism" (equal time, from Greek *isos* equal, and *chronos* time) of the pendalum.

But the real inventors of clocks were probably the Arabs. These children of the desert soon became as fond of invention as the people of Connecticut or New York. Bagdad and Cordova, their fine cities, were famous for their wonderful machines. Some ignorant people thought the Arabs gained their rare learning from a compact with Satan.

The clock was one of these inventions, and it appeared in Europe about the twelfth century. At first it was used only in the monasteries to direct the monks in their prayers. But very soon clocks were set up on some high tower or steeple in the European cities. But in cities of early Europe there was no way of telling the hour except by the sun and stars.

When the first clocks were set up they were thought to be the most wonderful of inventions. The first public clock was raised on a tower at Padua, in Italy. A famous striking clock was placed on a tower at Bologna in 1356.

From Italy the clock was carried to France and Germany, and in 1364 Paris for the first time possessed a public clock. It was set up on a tower of the king's palace, and was built by German workmen. No one in France, it is said, could make a clock.

Town clocks and church clocks are made to move by trains of wheels in much the same way, but the wheels are very large and strong, and the weights and pendalums very heavy. It takes a strong man to wind up a church clock.

Many wonderful clocks have been made, in some of which the machinery moved figures of men and animals, moving in a curious way.

At Heidelberg, Germany, was formerly a town clock which, whenever it struck the hour, caused the figure of an old man to pull off his hat, while a cock crowed and clapped his wings, and soldiers fought with one another. This clock was destroyed by the French when they burned Heidelberg in 1693.

About the year 1500 clocks, which had been too expensive to be used even in many cities, were found in private houses, but still only the very wealthy could purchase them.

Watches seem to have been made about this time, but were also very expensive. It is hard for us to conceive of a city without its public clocks, but in the year 1500 not many large towns possessed one. Three centuries and a half have made a wonderful change.

The clock has become one of the commonest articles of furniture. American factories pour out millions of them annually. A clock or watch may now be bought for a very small sum, and every village has its public time-keeper.

Grains of Gold.

Love depends on the loving, and not on the loved.

Take the hours of reflection and recreation after business.

Never fear of spoiling children by making them too happy.

Do not have an enemy in the world if you can honestly avoid it.

Write on your heart that every day is the best day in the year.

Faith always implies the disbelief of a lesser fact in favor of a greater.

The soul is not poisoned by mere errors of the head, but by evils of the heart.

Look at the bright side. Keep the sunshine of the living faith in the heart.

Souls are not saved in bundles. The Spirit asks of every man, how is it with thee?

Controversy equalizes fools and wise men in the same way—and the fools know it.

I slept and dreamed that life was beauty, and waked and found that life was duty.

The way to wealth is open to all. It depends chiefly on industry and frugality.

Whatever you undertake to do, do with all your might, and in the best possible manner.

There is no disposition more agreeable to the person himself, or to others, than good humor.

Intemperance in aims is the source of many of the life-failures which we constantly witness.

A young man who is all the time trying to do good, very rapidly growns to be a very good man.

Never does a man portray his own character more vividly than in his manner of portraying another.

We find the great thing in this world is not so much where we stand as in what direction we are moving.

When a strong brain is weighed with a true heart, it seems like balancing a bubble against a wedge of gold.

You may set it down as a truth which admits of few exceptions, those who ask your opinion really want your praise.

Avoid the scolding tone. Tired mothers find it hard to do this; but it is she who will get most good by observing the rule.

A needless offense to another does not die. It is next to impossible to kill it, and it is sure to turn up at some wrong time.

Men forget that vices draw blanks, so surely as virtues draw prizes, in what they are pleased to call "the lottery of life."

He that honestly gets all he can, and saves all he gets, necessary living expenses excepted, will surely accomplish riches.

Time is an estate which will produce nothing without cultivation, but will always abundantly repay the labors of industry.

The talent of success is nothing more than doing what you can do well; and doing well whatever you do, without a thought of fame.

We sometimes see parents who are the life of every company which they enter, dull, silent, and uninteresting at home and among their children.

Charity is a principle of prevailing love to God and good-will to men, which effectually inclines one endued with it to glorify God, and so to do good to others.

The topics and tone of conversation might be in many families far more intelligently guided. Parents ought to study the art of interesting their children in noble and inspiring themes.

In our success we see the connection of cause and effect, and attribute it to our own efforts; but in misfortune we attribute the consequences of our own conduct to our fellow-men, to luck, or to Providence.

Femininities.

In wishing to extend her empire, woman destroys it.

If woman lost us Eden, such as she alone can restore it.

Modern women of fashion work hard at their vocation.

To a gentleman every woman is a lady in right of her sex.

One way for a woman to keep a secret—To keep it going.

"Women are charming creatures." So are some snakes.

A handsome woman is a jewel; a good woman a treasure.

To a man truth is what he knows; to a woman truth is what she believes.

Women love always; when earth slips from them they take refuge in heaven.

The Arabs say Eve was 200 feet high. That's the reason Adam looked up to her.

Earth has nothing more tender than a woman's heart, when it is the abode of pity.

God bless all good women! To their soft hands and pitying hearts we must all come at last.

It soothes a feverish patient to bathe him with warm water, in which a little saleratus has been dissolved.

It will rest you wonderfully to change your seat in the room occasionally if you have a long day's sewing to do.

There is a difference between those who go astray and those who are led; but no conference of charities is able to see it.

A doctor thinks tight lacing is a public benefit, because it kills off the foolish girls and leaves the wise ones to grow up to womanhood.

An Augusta, Ga., paper inveighs against the familiar and disgusting style of taking a lady's arm—"a bad custom imported from the North."

An Elyria, O., woman fainted away the first time she heard a band play. She thought Gabriel had begun to toot, and she hadn't quite finished her ironing.

"Boots and gloves that fit, and a pretty handkerchief," answered a French woman when challenged to name three essentials of an elegant costume.

A New York justice has sent a woman to jail six months because she shook her fist at him. A justice of the peace has a big advantage compared to a married man.

Electa S. Smith, of Vergennes, Vt., was recently re-elected City Clerk for a third year. This is a gratifying evidence of the ability of a woman to fill a responsible public office.

There is one theatrical manager in this country who can refuse to engage a woman without making an enemy of her. He tells her—with an air of regret—that she's too young.

When it is desired to protect some particular plant that has attained considerable size, it may be done by surrounding it with rye straw, tying the top of the straw well to keep out the rain.

Some one says "no thoroughly occupied man was ever miserable." That man evidently don't know what it is to attempt the feat of keeping twin babies quiet while their mother goes to church.

Miss Ramnabel, a native of India, is said to be the most learned woman in the world. Age, twenty; she can read, speak and write in twelve languages, besides being up in astronomy, mathematics, history, etc. She is now studying to become a physician.

The bill which has passed the Tennessee Legislature for the punishment of wife-beaters, provides that the whipping-post shall be erected in a public place, and that the number of lashes to be laid on shall be fixed by the jury before whom the offender shall be tried.

A married woman, who has had trouble with her female help, sends this recipe to the press: "Put all your old love-letters in a pasteboard box in the servant girl's room. A supply of old love-letters has been known to keep a girl contented in one place for three months at a time."

A Muskegon, Mich., girl jumped from the deck of a steamer to the dock, the other day, when a gallant captain, rushing forward to assist her, got there just in time, so that she landed squarely on his head, knocking him down and momentarily out of sight under a hillock of dry goods. He isn't going to be so gallant hereafter.

Imagination will often work wonders. A youth in this State recently purchased a speckled scarf—one of those shirt-front hiders—and informed his mother it was a liver pad. Subsequently he missed it, and upon inquiry ascertained that she had been wearing it for some time with marked effect. Hereafter the young man will buy the old-fashioned style of scarf.

A lady whose love of flowers and whose success in cultivating them are far in advance of her own culture, called to see one of her family the other day. "Mary, go and show Mrs. Johnson my bed of double spittoonias, that grow doubler and doubler every day;" and then she added, "And when my salivas bloom out you must be sure to come around and see them."

Can a woman keep a secret? We should say so. There is Miss Mountchessington. Twelve months ago her hair was as black as the raven's wing. To-day it is the color of a canary bird's breast. Did she ever tell you or anybody else the cause of such an extraordinary change? No. Well, then, what is the use of reiterating the scandalous conundrum, can a woman keep a secret?

John Bruce, Sir Walter Scott's Highland piper at Abbottsford, prescribed as a remedy for cramp twelve stones taken from twelve south-running streams on which the patient was to sleep. Scott told the piper that the recipe was a good one, but, in order to make it infallible, the stones must be wrapped in the petticoats of a widow who wished never to marry again. This, of course, being hopeless, the piper abandoned the idea of such an impossible charm.

News Notes.

There are 21,000,000 widows in India.

Alaska is begging for school-teachers.

A bounty of $24 is paid for bear-scalps in Montana.

Deaths by violence average 40,000 a year in Russia.

Philadelphia is talking of a grand musical festival in 1884.

There are nearly 100 colored editors in the United States.

The new two-cent postage-stamp is to be of a metallic-red color.

Out of 600,000 church members in New York City, 500,000 are Catholics.

Six hundred female Mormons are on their way to the United States from Europe.

Mourners in London put crape on their walking-sticks as well as on their arms.

One thousand Chinamen are employed in the pearl fisheries on the coast of Lower California.

James Carey's house in Dublin is completely coated with mud, thrown at it by passers-by.

In fashionable London there is noted a great increase in the number of ladies who drive gigs.

Gen. Sherman says he has found Washington "full of hollowness, hypocrisy, and snobbery."

A young woman, aged 18 years, residing in Lapeer, Minn., has been thrice married and thrice a widow.

The Japanese are teaching about 2,000,000 children in their public schools on American and English systems.

The New York Free Trade Club proposes to begin a campaign by raising a twenty thousand-dollar fund.

An old lady in Georgia, having lost all her patience, has sued a neighbor for $8 for coffee borrowed a cupful at a time.

A Kansas City paper says that within five terms, covering fifteen months St. Louis courts have granted 1,000 divorces.

A new use has been found for cotton. Manufactured into duck, it has been successfully introduced as a roofing material.

More than half a million people are employed in the coal mines of Great Britain, and last year over 1,000 were killed in them.

A new railroad now in course of building in North Carolina, twelve miles long, is to be owned and operated altogether by colored men.

A steam-engine was recently stolen out of a building near Portland, Or., which was under attachment and guarded by a deputy sheriff and two constables.

An Ohio jury has decided that a spectator can not be lawfully ejected from a theatre for sitting in the dress-circle and letting his legs hang over the railing.

In caring for furniture, remember to keep water away from everything soluble therein, oil from everything porous, alcohol from varnish, and acids from marble.

Before cutting a man's head off in China the authorities make him drunk; and occasionally a rich convict who has been sentenced to death will buy a coolie to take his place.

A homing pigeon let loose at Steubenville, Ohio, recently made the journey to Orange, N. J., a distance of 234 1-4 miles, at the rate of a mile in a minute and twelve seconds.

The issue of the New York *Graphic* of June 23, contains a splendid two-thirds page picture of the famous piano and organ manufacturer, Hon. Daniel F. Beatty, Mayor of Washington, New Jersey.

Savannah has a bicycler who once had a race with a railway train in Scotland. He beat it by more than fifteen minutes in a race of forty-seven miles. He made no stops, however, as the train did.

Three female drummers sent out by a Chicago house, didn't sell as many goods as the poorest man on the road, while the expense account of each was considerably more. They have been discharged.

The compulsory education act recently passed by the Illinois Legislature requires that all the children of the State between the ages of eight and fourteen years shall attend school for at least three months every year.

The assertion that a baby fed upon elephant-milk gained in a month the enormous increase of 100 pounds in weight, looks a little startling until the other part, stating that it was a baby elephant, is reached.

The Marquis of Lansdowne, the new Governor-General of Canada, is particularly distasteful to the Irish. He has an estate in Ireland of over 120,000 acres, and an annual rental of $175,000, but is noted for his stinginess.

An eating match against time took place in Valley Falls, N. Y., recently. Richard Sullivan won, eating twenty-five clams, one pie, seven chocolate bars weighing two pounds, and one pine-apple, in seven and one-half minutes.

A Wisconsin jury has awarded Timothy Lewis $1,00 for services in securing a wife for Benjamin A. Jenkins, a wealthy but aged resident of Lacrosse, whose want of success in seeking a second matrimonial partner induced him to secure an agent to act for him.

ASIATIC CHOLERA, Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaint, Colic, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, and all Affections of the Bowels, incident to either children or adults, are cured at once by Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam. It allays the irritation and calms the action of the stomach, and, being pleasant to the taste, is an acceptable remedy to the youngest in the family.

ROLAND AND OLIVER.

THIS term is so generally understand, that any comment upon it is almost superfluous.

It is, however, no slang phrase, but one of the oldest of proverbial expressions, dating apparently as far back as the latter end of the eighth century.

We are told that the Emperor Charlemagne, in his expedition against the Saracens in 778, was accompanied by two pages, named Roland and Oliver, who were so excelled and so equally matched, that the equality became proverbial—'I'll give you a Roland for your Oliver,' being the same as the vulgar saying, 'Tit for tat;' that is; 'I'll give you the same as you give me.'

A very clever reply to a somewhat satirical remark was that given to Louis XV. by Cardinal Richelieu, who was a nobleman as well as a priest.

A celebrated Archbishop of Paris, Hardouin de Beaumont de Peretixe, was appointed preceptor to his Majesty.

One day he preached a notable sermon before the Court of France, which touched principally upon the duties of the nobility.

'Ah!' said the king to Richelieu, 'the preacher has thrown a vast quantity of stones into your garden to-day.'

'Yes, sire,' answered the Cardinal: 'and a few have fallen into the royal park.'

A courtly amount of expression is observable in this answer, with which we may presume that even royalty itself could in nowise be offended.

It is related of a well-known farmer, that, visiting the palace of Hamilton on a certain day, and brought into conversation with the late Duke, His Grace—always so pliant and courteous in his demeanor, and pleased with the humor of the old farmer—said in a jocular way:—

'Pray, Mr. Hamilton, where in our ancestral tree am I to look for your family?'

'Oh!' replied the old man, drawing a breath, as if astonished—'wha wad ever think of looking for the root among the branches?'

The Duke laughed heartily at this, and added:—

'Quite true, quite true: it would indeed be folly to do so.'

On one occasion, an English gentleman, who possessed a keen wit, was at a brilliant assembly of the *élite* of Vienna, where a distinguished lady of that city frequently amused herself and immediate circle of friends by saying smart and rather uncourteous things, evidently for the purpose of annoyance.

'By the way,' inquired his fair interrogator, 'how is it your countrymen speak French so very perfectly? We Austrians use it with the same freedom as if it were our native tongue.'

'Madam,' retorted the Englishman in the blandest manner, 'I really cannot say, unless it be that the French army have not been twice in our capital to teach it, as they have been in yours.'

One of the most distinguished incidents of Zimmermann's life was the summons which he received to attend Frederick the Great in his illness in 1786. One day the king said to this eminent physician:—

'You have I presume, sir, helped many a man into another world?'

Any ordinary person would doubtless have been scared by so momentous an inquiry, and it was in fact a somewhat bitter pill for the Doctor; but the dose he gave the king in return was a judicious mixture of truth and flattery:—

'Not so many as your Majesty, nor with so much honor to myself.'

Again there are people who mistake impertinence for wit, and often get rather more than one Roland for their Oliver. One of these persons, a foppish nobleman, seeing Descartes enjoying the pleasure of the table, said:—

'So, sir, I see philosophers can indulge in the greatest delicacies and good cheer.'

'Why not?' replied the other. 'Do you really entertain such an idea as to imagine Providence intended all good things for the foolish and ignorant?'

FINE MEN.—Magistrates.

WHEN you visit or leave New York City save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the GRAND UNION HOTEL, opposite Grand Central Depot.

Six hundred elegant rooms fitted up at a cost of one million dollars. Rooms reduced to $1.00 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse cars, stages, and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

THE DEVOTED FRIEND.

O long ago it seems now!
And even I feel somewhat older;
The locks are thinner on my brow,
Yet odd to say I don't grow bolder.

Yes, I was more courageous then,
And, ah! for fame I had a hunger
In days long past, old fellow, when
I was the friend of Brown the younger.

He loved: he told his love to me,
And in that love how he did glory!
I recollect it used to be
A really rather lengthy story.

Her name was Smith, if you must know;
At least one was—the other Sally;
The last girl of the second row
On C. P. side in opening ballet.

He went and bought a big bouquet,
I wrote some lines (I was a poet),
We went together to the play—
He funked at last, and bade me throw it.

I did. She gave me such a glance!
Poor Brown! his little plan miscarried,
She married me. Lor' what a dance
She's led me since the day we married.

—W. C. N.

Humorous.

How to beat your grocer on eggs—Succumb.

In the battle of life the infantry make the first charge.

What is a house without a baby? Well, comparatively quiet.

If you want to find out how great a man is, let him tell it himself.

Pantaloons will be worn longer in July than in June—one day longer.

After all, there is something first-class about the graduates of a school.

"Take care of the useful, and the beautiful will take care of itself." This is what the fond and numerous father remarked when he married off his ugliest daughter first.

"Well," said the lady whose husband had run away with the school ma'am, "there's one consolation: I know the inside facts of the scandal, and that's more than those spiteful old maids across the way do."

Sunday's death results from Heart Disease. Take in season Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Price $1.

"Will the coming man use both hands?" is the question frequently asked by sapient sages. If the coming man plays baseball regularly during the season he will use only one hand late in the fall, and that as little as possible.

Superfluous Hair

Madame Wambold's Speciâe permanently removes Superfluous Hair without injuring the skin. Send for circular. Madame WAMBOLD, 108 West Springfield Street, Boston, Mass.

☞ When our readers answer any Advertisement found in these columns they will confer a favor on the Publisher and the advertiser by naming the Saturday Evening Post.

THE MILD POWER
CURES
HUMPHREYS HOMEOPATHIC SPECIFICS
In use twenty years. The most safe, simple, economical and efficient medicine known. Dr. Humphreys' Book on Disease and its Cure (144 pp.) also Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Humphreys Homeopathic Medicine Co., 109 Fulton St., New York

AYER'S
Ague Cure

IS WARRANTED to cure all cases of malarial disease, such as Fever and Ague, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Bilious Fever, and Liver Complaint. In case of failure, after due trial, dealers are authorized, by our circular of July 1st, 1882, to refund the money.

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

LANDRETHS'
SEED
WAREHOUSE

No. 21 & 23 South Sixth St.,
Between Market and Chestnut Streets, and
DELAWARE AVE. & ARCH ST., PHILA.
Flower Seeds in large assortment, of best quality. Flower roots for Spring planting. Every thing of the best for farm, garden, or country seat. Send for catalogue. D. LANDRETH & SONS.

Music FREE! We will send FREE 5 complete pieces of vocal and Instrumental Music—full size, best paper—that would cost $2.00 at any music store, with our catalogue for 1883, on receipt of 10c. for postage, etc. WOODWARD & CO., 517 & 519 Broadway, N. Y.

Now READY—The Phonographic Dictionary. By Benn Pitman and Jerome B. Howard. Price, $2.50. Send for specimen sheets. Sold by all booksellers, or address Phonographic Institute, Cincinnati, Ohio.

50C. TO $2. per hour at home. No peddling. No humbug. The Secret revealed, and 15 Samples, worth $5, for 10c. (Name this paper.) Address H. E. SLAYTON, Montpelier, Vt.

30 Powders
10 Days
Treatment

Engelman's
Dyspepsia
Powders
A Positive Cure

Price $1.00

BY TAKING ONE PACKAGE OF

ENGELMAN'S DYSPEPSIA POWDERS,

CONTAINING 30 DOSES,

(Sufficient for Ten Days' Treatment.)

Will convince every sufferer of that terrible disease, that they have at last found a Radical Cure (without dragging the system.) The proprietor of this valuable preparation does not desire to speak *against* any other *remedy* for this *complaint*; but requests all those who have not resorted to the use of any other Preparation, to give this a trial, and a particular request to others who have been almost medicated beyond redemption.

Suicides which result from disease, can generally be traced to Dyspepsia. Read the following cases:

Public Ledger, March 25, 1878.

SUICIDE BY HANGING.—On Saturday the Coroner was notified to hold an inquest at No. 930 Arizona St., on the body of George Specht, a German, aged about sixty years, who committed suicide by hanging himself in the yard of his house. He had been suffering several months from Dyspepsia.

ATTEMPTED SUICIDE FROM DYSPEPSIA.—John Nyenschwander, a gentleman of Fort Wayne, 35 years of age, attempted to commit suicide by shooting himself, and did manage to send two balls into his head just back of his left ear, where they still remain, and will doubtless prove fatal. Dyspepsia induced the act.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., May 16.—Miss Mary Willigrod, a young lady aged 18, daughter of a leading merchant of Marshalltown, Iowa, who came to the health reform institute in this city, May 6, for treatment for Dyspepsia, committed suicide on yesterday afternoon by taking a dose of strychnine.

Dyspepsia is the Mother of the Following Complaints:

Sick Headache, Nausea, Vertigo, Dimness of Sight, Loss of Appetite, Wasting of Strength, Flatulence, with frequent Belching of Wind, Bilious Vomiting, Burning Sensation at the Pit of the Stomach, Oppression after Eating, Depression of Spirits, Palpitation of the Heart, Pain in the Pit of the Stomach, or towards Right Side, Uneasiness of the Bowels, Irritability of Temper, Sallowness of Complexion, Etc., Etc.

After reading the above, make a personal investigation of your present condition, and if you detect any, or a trace of any of the symptoms mentioned, do not lose a moment, but resort to this invaluable Preparation at once: to delay day by day may be the means of increasing your malady to indescribable agony.

The Action

Of Engelman's Dyspepsia Powders, when taken into the system, is directly upon the *Food* during the Process of digestion, *absorbing gases, neutralizing acids*, and correcting *acrid* secretions, thus improving the appetite, promoting digestion, and giving tone and vigor to the entire system.

They act immediately upon the chyme and chyle, the nutritive portion of the food, containing the elements and source of the blood, that vital force which keeps all the machinery of animal life in motion.

Remarks.

In order to perfect a cure with this Preparation, it is not necessary to confine yourself to prepared foods, etc., as they, in some cases, in a very short time become unpalatable and detestable to the sufferer. Confine yourself to food agreeable to your stomach; select such as you think would not cause you distress.

Endeavor to be of a cheerful disposition, seat yourself at the table as though you were not a dyspeptic, and partake of anything thereon that you think you could enjoy; be moderate, eat slowly, masticate your food properly, do not eat anything that you have no desire for, take the Powders regularly. Be particular to see that each one is *actually dissolved*, as it is very important.

These Powders must not be classed with the patent medicines of the day, as they are accurately prepared by the present proprietor from the original formula, a favorite prescription of one of our late and highly esteemed practitioners.

As these Powders are perfectly harmless, they should be kept in every house. It is the only preparation that will instantly remove the terrible pain from indigestion.

Request your nearest druggist to get you a package.

This preparation offers a great inducement to those afflicted, and it does not necessitate long treatment, or restriction, as to the selection of food. Remember, all Chronic Dyspeptics owe their years of torture to those slight attacks of Indigestion which are daily neglected.

These Powders are put up in envelopes containing thirty powders each, (sufficient for ten days' treatment), and can be conveniently carried in the vest pocket. Each package bears the fac simile of the handwriting and signature of the Sole Proprietor, as above.

One package (10 days' treatment) mailed to all parts of the world on receipt of One Dollar. Six packages to one address, $5. When writing for the Powders, please give me the name of your nearest Responsible Druggist. If your Druggist is obliging, he can readily obtain these Powders from the Wholesale Dealers, who are supplied by my agents, MESSRS. JOHNSTON, HOLLOWAY & CO., Philadelphia.

No *testimonials* will be inserted. They can be seen at my office, on file.
The editor of this paper can certify to my responsibility and standing.

Very Respectfully,

Frank E. Engelman

LABORATORY, 1839 SEYBERT ST., Philadelphia, Pa.

SHUT YOUR MOUTH WHILE BREATHING

Nature intended that you should breathe through your Nose. Keep your Nostrils, free of Foul Mucus, in order that your Lungs may be supplied with Pure Air.

A Nose clogged with Foul Mucus, Poisons every breath of air entering the Lungs. Cleanse the air passages with "SNUFFENE" and enjoy New Life.

"SNUFFENE" is put up in a handsome Carmine, Enameled Hinged-Lid, Metalic Box, (convenient for the pocket,) and retails at 25 Cents, which should induce every one to obtain it and enjoy the blessing of Good Health.

The filthy habit of Hemming, Hawking and Spitting, and the swallowing of Foul Mucus is cured by SNUFFENE.

Sold and recommended by over 522 Druggists in Philadelphia.

If the Druggist in your vicinity cannot supply you, send me the amount in Postage Stamps and you will receive a box by mail. Address,

Laboratory, 1839 Seybert St. FRANK E. ENGELMAN, Philadelphia, Penna.

"Presenting the Bride" Heard From

Browning, Mo., June 19, '83.

Editor Post—Have received my picture, "Presenting the Bride," and was surprised at its marvelous beauty. I am well pleased with it. I have shown it to several of my friends, and all say it is the handsomest and most valuable premium they ever saw.

S. W. J.

Furnace, Ala., June 20, '83.

Editor Post—The picture premium, "Presenting the Bride," received. It is beautiful, and I am very much pleased with it. All who have seen the picture think it is just superb. Expect to get you numerous subscribers in a few days.

J. B. T.

Sanderton, Pa., June 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received my premium last night, and think it very beautiful. I will with pleasure aid you in raising your subscription list, and I think I can get a great many subscribers for you.

M. A. S. S.

Grandfork, Ill., June 19, '83.

Editor Post—I received the picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and all who have seen it are delighted with it. You may look for some subscribers from me shortly, as many of my friends expressed a desire to subscribe, and how could they feel otherwise, with such a paper, and such a premium!

J. A.

Brooklyn, N. Y., June 21, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—My beautiful premium Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," came duly to hand, and it is even better than you claimed it to be. I will see what I can do for you in the way of new subscribers.

J. E. F.

Hellertown, Pa., June 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—I received the beautiful picture, "Presenting the Bride," in due time, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of my most sanguine expectations. Shall see what I can do for you in the way of subscribers.

M. M. F.

Kelloggsville, N. Y., June 24, '83.

Editors Post—I received my premium for The Post, for which accept thanks. It is the most beautiful premium I ever saw.

A. B.

New Hampton, Iowa, June 22, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your magnificent premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," at hand, and think it very beautiful. I am greatly pleased with it, and thank you very much for such a beautiful present. I have shown it to quite a number of people, and they all say it is the prettiest and richest premium they have ever had the pleasure of beholding. Will do all that lies in my power to increase your subscription list.

M. A. D.

Dulaney, Ky., June 19, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Your premium picture, "Presenting the Bride," was duly received, and am more than pleased with it. It is by far the handsomest picture I ever saw.

J. G. Y.

Shelbina, Mo., June 22, '83.

Editor Post—I received your premium picture yesterday all sound, and am very much pleased with it. It is far ahead of the premiums usually offered by newspapers, and certainly ought to bring you many subscribers. Am quite proud of it.

W. S. F.

Sunset, Tex., June 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," came to hand all right. I cannot find language to express my thanks to you for the beautiful premium. I have received many premiums, but yours leads them all. Will send some subscriptions soon.

J. G. J.

Christian, Tex, June 19, '83.

Editor Post—The premium picture, "Presenting the Bride" received, and I consider it grand. I have shown it to several of my friends, and each and every one of them pronounce it beautiful.

L. G.

Winnsboro, S. C., June 22, '83.

Editor Post—I have received premium, "Presenting the Bride." It far surpasses my most sanguine expectations—perfectly lovely! Will get some subscribers for you.

S. H.

Junction, N. J., June 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—The picture, "Presenting the Bride," has come to hand, and in good condition. I am much pleased with it, indeed. I have shown it to some of my neighbors, and they all unite with me in voting it beautiful. Will send you some subscribers soon.

W. D. S.

Rioville, Nev., June 18, '83.

Editor Post—"Presenting the Bride" was delivered to me yesterday, and am highly pleased with it. We consider it a gem. Have given it a conspicuous place in our gallery for the inspection of our friends.

M. I. E.

Fort Assinboine, Mon., June 23, '83.

Editor Saturday Evening Post—Paper and premium received. THE POST is a splendid literary journal. And the picture is very handsome. Am greatly pleased with it. Everyone who has seen the picture considers it grand.

L. H. K.

Lamartine, Pa., June 21, '83.

Editor Post—Your premium, "Presenting the Bride," is indeed a beautiful gift of art, and cannot fail to please the most fastidious. Many thanks.

C. S.

Newport, R. I., June 18, '83.

Editor Post—I received my Photo-Oleograph, "Presenting the Bride," and think it very beautiful. Had it framed and hung up two hours after its arrival. It is admired by everybody.

S. M. H.B.

Facetiæ.

Something of a wag—The tip of a dog's tail.

A summer resort—Mopping your heated brow.

A burst of confidence—Failure of a savings bank.

Giving fourteen ounces to the pound is the wrong weigh to get rich.

It's no wonder Mormons think so highly of their religion; it's so rewiving.

"Cud ye lind me the loan of a polp and tobacky?" said Pat; "I have a match."

When a young man wants to protect a young lady, he naturally puts his armor round her.

At the Zoological Garden: "Mamma, is that thing a gorilla?" "No, my child, it's only a dude."

"Ma, are we cannibals?" asked a little girl of her mother. "Why, my child, what do you mean?" "Oh, nothing, only I heard you tell cook, boy legs for breakfast."

In an exchange we find an article about a mother-in-law, and, in beautiful harmony, the next item is headed, "The Storm Elsewhere."

That chap understood human nature quite well when he remarked: "When your pocket-book is empty, and everybody knows it, you can put all your friends in it, and it won't bulge out worth a cent.

An Irish soldier, on hearing that his widowed mother had been married since he quitted Ireland, exclaimed: "Murther! I hope she won't have a son older than me; if she does, I shall lose the estate."

They have a nice old lady in South Boston of the genuine Partington variety. She recently alluded to the illness of a friend with: "You see he had digestion of the lungs, and then it settled into ammonia."

If a burglar should enter your home, throw a toy pistol at him. In his rage he will pick it up and attempt to discharge its contents into your head. Then all you have to do is to call the police and have the fellow's body removed.

HORRID pains in Heart Disease. Use Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator, and get relief. Price $1, druggists.

A lady poet says: "How can I tell him I love him no more?" Probably the best way to do is to get him into an ice-cream saloon, eat five dishes, and then break the news gently. If he does not accept the situation, you had better try and love him again. You could never do better."

BEATTY

27 STOPS 10 SETS REEDS, BEETHOVEN ORGANS.

Price only $125

Really worth $430 if compared with other makers' catalogue prices. $83 Organs for only $69. Special bargains in Organs and Pianofortes. Send for midsummer prices & CATALOGUE

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free coach meets trains, five dollars allowed for traveling expenses, whether you buy or not you are welcome anyway to visit the largest Organ Works in existence. Shipping one every 10 minutes. Address or call upon

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We will mail, postpaid, Mrs. H. W. Beecher's last and best book, "THE HOME, HOW TO MAKE AND KEEP IT," to any one who sends us before August 15th, 1883, 6 one year subscribers to that beautiful monthly, *The Housekeeper*, at 50 cents each, or 12 for six months at 25 cents each. After August 1st the book can be had only of our authorized agents, as it is sold by subscription only. Will send *Housekeeper* free for three months for addresses of six young ladies who have begun housekeeping within a year, or six ministers' wives. Specimen copies of *Housekeeper* and Premium list and specimen pages of "The Buckeye Cook Book," the best in the world, free. Address Buckeye Publishing Co. Minneapolis, Minn.

P. S.—Special Offer! We will send the *Housekeeper* free for 6 months to any lady who sends us the address of four good book or Newspaper Canvassers. Ladies preferred.

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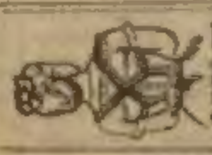

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The Great Blood Purifier.

FOR THE CURE OF ALL

Chronic Diseases, Scrofula, Consumption, Glandular Disease, Ulcers, Chronic Rheumatism, Erysipelas, Kidney, Bladder and Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, Affections of the Lungs and Throat.

Purifies the Blood, Restoring Health & Vigor.

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A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties, essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body. QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE AND PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.

THE SKIN,

After a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, blotches, black spots, and skin eruptions are removed, sores and ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from scrofula, eruptive diseases of the eyes, mouth, ears, legs, throat and glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of corrosive sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.

One bottle contains more of the active principles of medicine than any other preparation. Taken in Teaspoonful Doses, while others require five or six times as much. Sold by druggists. Price $1 per bottle.

R. R. R.

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The Cheapest and Best Medicine for Family Use in the World.

CURES AND PREVENTS

Summer Complaint, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera Morbus.

A teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure cramps, spasms, sour stomach, heartburn, nervousness, sleeplessness, sick headache, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, flatulency and all Internal Pains.

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That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the lungs, stomach, bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

Travelers should always carry a bottle of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.

MALARIA

CURED IN ITS WORST FORMS.

Chills and Fever.

FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quick as Radway's Ready Relief. Fifty cts. per bottle.

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Perfect Purgative, Soothing Aperient, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in Their Operations.

A VEGETABLE SUBSTITUTE FOR CALOMEL.

Perfectly Tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. RADWAY'S PILLS for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all derangements of the Internal Viscera. Purely vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals or deleterious drugs.

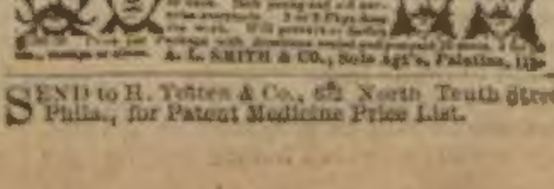
Two doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system of all the above-named disorders.

Price, 25 Cents Per Box.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.

TO THE PUBLIC.

Be sure and ask for Radway's, and see that the name "Radway" is on what you buy.



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The most common signs of **Dyspepsia, or Indigestion,** are an oppression at the stomach, nausea, flatulency, water-brash, heart-burn, vomiting, loss of appetite, and constipation. Dyspeptic patients suffer untold miseries, bodily and mental. They should stimulate the digestion, and secure regular daily action of the bowels, by the use of moderate doses of

Ayer's Pills.

After the bowels are regulated, one of these Pills, taken each day after dinner, is usually all that is required to complete the cure.

AYER'S PILLS are sugar-coated and purely vegetable—a pleasant, entirely safe, and reliable medicine for the cure of **all disorders of the stomach and bowels.** They are the best of all purgatives for family use.

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Sold by all Druggists.

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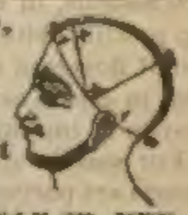

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Instructions to enable Ladies and Gentlemen to measure their own heads with accuracy:

FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
No. 1. The round of the head.	No. 1. From forehead back as far as bald.
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No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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He has always ready for sale a splendid Stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Fringes, Braids, Curls, etc., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

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Cure guaranteed. De. J. B. Mayer, 833 Arch St., Phila.

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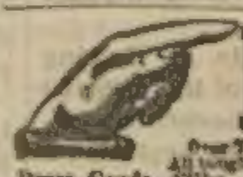

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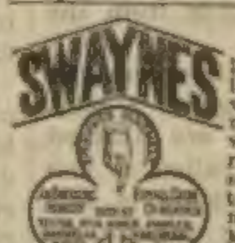

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Those who value humanity from strangulated rupture, and the comforts of physical soundness, should lose no time in securing the benefits of his treatment and remedies. His book, containing references of bad cases before and after cure, with evidence of his success, and indorsements from distinguished physicians, clergymen, merchants, lawyers, engineers, and others, is mailed to those who send ten cents. Principal office, No. 251 Broadway, N. Y.

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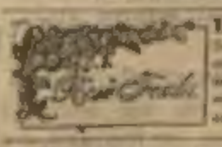

Bevel Edge Cards, designs for 1884. Send 10c. for 50 Chromo Cards with name on. Latest yet. Agents say: "Your cards sell best." Large Sample Book and full outfit 2c. Quickest returns. Cheerfully sent. Clinton & Co., North Haven, Ct.

40 CARDS, all Lap-corner, Gilt Edge, Glass, Motto, Chromo, Love Letter and Case, name in Gold and Jet, 10c. WEST & CO., Westville, Conn.

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION CHAT.

THE leading Modistes are arranging some lovely *fete* dresses of colored mousseline de soi, covered with large designs of colored flowers.

The ground is deep blue, olive-green, pale blue, ecru, and the flowers are peonies, hydranges, wall-flowers, or roses in shades of color.

The muslin is draped over silk of the color of the ground, and profusely trimmed with a new ecru lace, with a peacock worked into it.

The parasol accompanies the costume, and is made of the same muslin on a silk gauze foundation, trimmed with lace.

Other new parasols are of cream figured net or muslin, on a cream or pale colored silk gauze foundation, made like a large bag, gathered up round the ferule, finished off with a plume of ostrich tips, and lightly dotted over, near the edge, with large pearls.

Nothing can be more dressy than these parasols, but then, they should be carried with a toilette that corresponds in daintiness.

For other dress materials there are foulard sateens, in various colors which make up prettily with ecru lace or embroidery, small flowered muslins, and Turkish cotton, in cream or dark blue, with designs woven in imitation cross-stich over it.

For seaside and country wear these costumes are particularly suitable. Never was lace so profusely arranged on dress as this year, and it is arranged in diagonal lines, which gives a novel appearance.

I will describe one costume in black which was particularly effective. The entire front and sides of the skirt were composed of these diagonal frills of black lace, with jetted balls hanging loosely from silken cords lightly scattered over (the balls were of covered cork and extremely light.)

The upper dress was of black plush gauze, with an oyster shell design over it; it was made with a point in front, square on the hips with jetted pocket, and as a long coat at the back in plaits reaching to the edge of the skirt.

A somewhat similar costume was of cream lace, with bodice of Watteau Surah, and scarf of the same, gracefully looped at the back, caught to one side of the basque with a fancy buckle.

On another dress, alternate stripes of black ribbon velvet and black lace insertion, formed the tunic, while the bodice and narrow train were of black satin Merveilleux, folded back with the most delicate pale rose color.

One modiste has a specialite in draping tunics, part of which consits of the material being cut like a half shawl, the corner knotted, and falling to the left side, kept down in position by a handsome beaded ornament.

This has an uncommon effect, and the drapery, usually of China crepe or cashmere, falls in soft, graceful folds from the right hip.

In two shades of brown, or in cream and pale colors, the effect is very good. A great many of the evening gowns are finished round the edge with what is called at this house a "flower ruche," consisting of full ruche of deeply pinked-out or delicate colored silk, mixed with cream lace, in which nestle roses without green leaves.

The tunic of flowered satin damasse, forming most of the dress, turns back in an indescribable way, and discovers the lining of shot satin.

The flowers in the ruche usually correspond with those in the brocade; the bodice is ornamented with lace, with a bouquet of roses.

Bridal gowns are trimmed in the same style, with tiny sprays of white flowers and myrtle.

There is a white silk open-work embroidery on Chinese grass silk, suitable for brides' dresses, or the full-dress white toilettes now in vogue, which is exquisitely fine, and mixes well with silken fabrics and mousseline de soie; this is also arranged with white lace beneath it, as bordering to tunics and drapery.

Another embroidery is ecru, open-worked, with silken roses in several colors applique on.

The prettiest dust cloaks are of figured nun's veiling, white moons on an ecru ground being a favorite pattern, or foulard, with large checks.

Among the newest designs in sateens and plush gauze are an egg, an oyster shell, or a walnut.

In these warm summer days perfumes are always refreshing. Lavender water is so much appreciated by some ladies that they saturate the light straw handscreens with it, and keep one always by them, fanning it constantly, and so causing a cool and fragrant air.

As a rule, perfumes are not so general as they were some time ago. The scented powders put into the linings of mantles and dresses are usually considered sufficient; although, of course, a great deal and great variety of perfume is used, and the perfumers are constantly introducing novelties.

Many ladies, who are fond of perfume, not only have sachets among their dresses, gloves, handkerchiefs, and laces, but keep one on their writing-table, work-basket, and miniature occasional table at their sides. These sachets are of pale colored surah or satin in the form of small handkerchief's, edged with gathered lace, pinned together in the middle with a bow or a flower. The scented powder (orris root, sandal wood, or pot pourri) is put into the lining.

Hairdressing is becoming more elaborate. No longer are the meagre coils in the nape of the neck popular, but plaits, winding round and round, and loose twists, coiled high up, are to be seen.

The fashion of arranging the hair quite on the top of the head is gaining favor, and to many heads and youthful faces is most becoming.

Some of the fanciful large hats, copied from old pictures, are made for this style of coiffure.

Other hats and bonnets are made so short at the back as to necessitate a good show of hair, and this style is popular with those who possess beautiful hair.

Good-sized hairpins in tortoiseshell, with the tops encrusted with sparkling paste, are fastened into these plaits and coils. Combs especially of cut steel, are again to be seen. Many young ladies arrange a plait of hair round the top of the head from the sides, just where the fringe of hair commences. Narrow bands of velvet, cut steel, or pearls are worn over the head in the evening, and —for very full dress—a tuft of feathers rather to one side; but the fashion of wearing but little in the hair still continues, except in the case of diamonds, when they are exhibited in the shape of sprays, stars, and pins.

Late as it is in the season, our milliners are still bringing out novelties, and the variety to be seen in the leading show rooms is infinite.

Every possible shape and size of both bonnet and hat are to be seen, from the small capote, trimmed with rosettes of narrow ribbon, to huge hats, a mass of flowers. The small Princess bonnet and the capote are, however, adopted by the best dressed, but again there is infinite variety in the shape of the latter, for I note small, large, pointed, and rounded capotes.

There are the "nurse's cap," fitting closely round the head; the "Chinese," in black chip; the picturesque "invalid's cap;" and the "Tapageuse," with brim bent downwards—all these are in vogue.

Among the novelties is the Skeleton Bonnet," composed of a few gilt wires projecting from some round rows of wire that form the crown.

Even the semblance of a foundation is omitted. Two rows of shell or amber beads border the brim, and a breadth of India red crepe forms the trimming. This crepe is passed in and out of the wires, and fastened with a shell hairpin. The diaphanous, crinkled gauze known as "French crepe" is much used for summer bonnets; it is gathered and mounted on gilt wires. Olive-green crepe drawn over gilt wires, with several wool pompons in shades of olive, and mounted on gilt stems, strings the width of the crepe (about five-eighths of a yard) showing both selvedges, is suitable bonnet with either a green, white, pink, or black dress. Thicker silk China crepe is also used for bonnets, especially pink, blue, and yellow.

Lace bonnets always look well on a warm day; in white lace, Valenciennes and Oriental are used, also the Irish point embroidery, and the Pompadour embroidery with raised leaves of muslin: gold thistles, roses, orange or red velvet rosettes are the trimmings.

Fireside Chat.

POTATOES.

WE have now arrived at the time when old potatoes are almost unestable, and new ones are still expensive. Potatoes, like most other things that have grown old and unpalatable, require now especial care in cooking.

Washing them long beforehand is especially apt to make them watery and flavorless, so that no more than are required for present use should be prepared at a time. If they are to be peeled before boiling, the peels should be taken off thinly with a sharp knife, and when done they should not lie in water, but be cooked.

If they are to be baked in their skins, they should be parboiled first, or the outside will be burnt, while the inside is hard and stringy.

Old potatoes are rarely satisfactory when served plain boiled, and it is really no economy to serve them thus, as they are sent away on the plates untasted, or at most but half is eaten.

When, however, this method of serving is preferred, they should be chosen of a uniform size, so that all may cook together, instead of one being half raw, while another has absorbed so much water as to make it resemble a stew.

As there is much unavoidable waste, it is necessary for house-wives to be as careful as possible of this very useful vegetable, so that nothing may be wasted that is really eatable.

Mashed potatoes may be served a second time in a variety of ways, among which are:

Potato Scallops.—Mince very finely some streaked bacon or tolerably lean ham, a few savory herbs, or, failing these, a little parsley; salt and pepper to taste.

Mix with the mashed potato in the proportions of three parts vegetables to one of meat; fill some scallop shells with the mixture, put a bit of butter on the top of each, and brown in the oven. This makes a pretty breakfast or supper dish served with poached eggs.

Potato Loaf.—Mix butter, milk, and seasoning with the potatoes, then add breadcrumbs till the whole is a moderately stiff paste. Butter a mould, fill it with the mixture, turn it bottom upwards on an old dish or baking tin, and set it to brown in a quick oven.

Potato Loaf (Green).—For this, mix with the potato any remains of green vegetable, such as cabbage, cauliflower, or spinach; heat all well in a saucepan before putting into the mould, or the green part will not be warmed through; bake as above, or mould in small quantities, and fry carefully in boiling dripping.

Potato Cakes.—Unless the cook rejoices in a very good and easily-heated oven, these are better fried than baked. If not rapidly browned—they can scarcely be said to want cooking—the cakes are tough and indigestible.

The chief ingredient should be potato, and to each half pound of this put 1oz. of butter or beef dripping, salt to taste, and just enough flour to bind the whole. An egg is an improvement, but it is unnecessary, as the potatoes, when properly mixed are light in themselves.

Roll out to half an inch in thickness, cut into cakes, and bake at once, or fry in boiling fat.

If the latter, they must be carefully taken up with a slice, and drained on kitchen paper. Serve with lemon and butter.

Potato Rissoles.—Mix with the potato, salt, pepper, and butter to taste and a well-beaten egg (one large egg is enough for a pint basinful of mashed vegetable.) Make up the mixture into small rolls, cover with a thick layer of egg and breadcrumbs, and fry in boiling dripping to a golden brown. Drain well on kitchen paper before serving.

Another way.—Mix the paste as above, with the addition of an egg, pepper, and savory herbs; roll out to the eighth of an inch in thickness, cut into three-cornered pieces, place minced meat well seasoned on one, lay another on top, and slightly pinch the edges to keep them together; strew bits of vermicelli over, fry each side a nice brown, drain, and serve.

Potato Tea Cakes.—Mash a pint of potatoes through a sieve, so that they may be very fine; mix with them an ounce of butter, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one tablespoonful of sugar, an ounce of flour, a little salt, and one egg beaten; mould into one flat cake, bake very quickly, split and butter while hot, then cut into three-cornered pieces, and serve.

Potato Soup.—Put two ounces of butter into a saucepan, cut two large onions into slices and fry a nice brown in the butter; add three pints of milk, and mix smoothly with it one pint of mashed potatoes, pepper and salt to taste; heat it almost to boiling point, and serve with dried herbs.

American Gooseberry Toast.—A pint of green gooseberries; clean them thoroughly from stems and dried blossoms; then toast to a bright brown as many slices of stale bread as will make three layers for a quart pie-dish.

Dip each piece of toast in milk, sprinkle the upper surface with white powdered sugar, having your berries stewed ten minutes, so that none of them shall be broken. Cover one slice of toast with them: the berries are to be covered with another slice, and thus proceed for each layer.

The whole to be placed in a moderately hot oven for a quarter of an hour before sending to table.

Jelly.—Pick the larger berries whilst still hard and green, and put them with a little drop of water in a dish into the oven, until such time only as they are slightly soft, but still whole; after which mash the berries thoroughly, and let the juice pass through a hair sieve, adding 1lb. of loaf sugar to a pint of liquid; then boil the juice in a very bright copper or enamelled saucepan for about forty minutes, taking care to skim it thoroughly.

It will be very clear, very transparent, and pleasant-tasting jelly.

Correspondence.

EMIGRANT, (Trenceau, Wis.)—The Savannah crossed in 1819, from Savannah to Liverpool in twenty-six days. This was the first steamship to cross the Atlantic.

PHILENA, C., (Upland, Pa.)—We advise you to have nothing more to do with the young man. He is entirely too young to think of matrimony. Your writing is very good.

ARTIE, (Brooklyn, N. Y.)— You are quite old enough to be married. Judging from the description given of the gentleman, we think he would make you a good husband.

QUEEN, (Dover, Delaware.) — 1. We should regard such a one as you describe little short of an angel. She must be very beautiful if your description is accurate. 2. Handwriting good; but why do you write back hand?

EDWIN, (Camden, N. J.)—1. There is only one way to find out whether the lady loves you or not, and that is the straightforward way of asking her. 2. We strongly advise you to do this at once, for fear the other young man might ask first and be accepted.

FLORIE, (Logan, W. Va.)—It takes two to make a flirtation, just as much as it takes two to make a quarrel. If you do not flirt, you may be sure that the young gentleman will not carry on a flirtation all by himself very long, and that your correspondence will keep the tone of calm friendship which you desire.

MAY, (Delaware, Iowa.)—If you have money, as you say, you need have no difficulty in following the bent of your inclinations. The first thing you should do is to employ a good teacher of elocution. This done, employ an actress to instruct you in matters pertaining to the stage proper; then offer your services to the manager of some theatre.

JOE, (Penobscot, Me.)—Trepidation, confusion, and other sudden flushings or pallor, often seize upon a person when entering a room where a number of persons are assembled; it arises from nervousness, bashfulness, or timidity, and will wear off in time, in proportion as the young person comes more and more in contact with the world.

T M. L., (Chester, Pa.)—No one could venture to suggest a name for a little girl without knowing anything about her. Avoid all fanciful or very striking names, as such names may prove to be very unsuitable. You would not like a quiet little girl to be known as Victoria or Gloriana, or a girl with black hair and eyes to be called Blanche.

READER, (Phila., Pa.) — Certainly repaper the walls after scarlatina. It is impossible to be too careful. It is not right to send letters out of a house in which a case of "catching" disease has occurred. The infection may be communicated in a letter, and it shows reckless disregard of the welfare of a family to risk the dissemination of disease.

E. T. M., (Toland, Conn.)—If a young man receives an insult from a young lady in her own house without cause, our advice is that the young man should walk quietly home, keep his secret to himself, and never put it in the lady's power to insult him a second time. He will find plenty of places to go where he will not be insulted without cause.

F. B. T., (Chicago, Ill.)—No, it was not "the business way." You should have kept the letter and replied as courteously as possible upon a fresh sheet of note-paper. Your correspondent, however, resented this unintentional slight too hotly, and her remarks to the effect that she could not accept your statements concerning the servant was an unjust and unlady-like insinuation.

N. S. M., (Charles, Md.)—In circles of society where rigid etiquette over-rides all other considerations, the ladies of the families would bid their callers good-night in the drawing-room. But, as a general rule, such matters are governed by the circumstances of the case and the good feelings of the parties, which often require people to remember that etiquette is made for human beings, and not human beings for etiquette.

WILLIAM, (Mason, Ill.) — You have gone so far in your education that you can carry it on yourself. Your handwriting and composition are good. Read good books, improve your handwriting, study in all your spare moments, and act in a wise and manly way, so that your mother will acquire such confidence in your judgment that she will not object to your pursuing your studies in the best way open to you. Many of the most useful men of our time have had little school education.

A. R. V., (Boston, Mass.)—Your have struck upon a question which has engaged the attention of scientists, railway directors, and manufacturers in all parts of the world for many years. They want to find some way in which smoke can be practically consumed as fast as it is generated, at a reasonable cost, and without interfering with the working of their locomotives, engines, or furnaces. Many inventions designed to accomplish this purpose have been patented, but none of them have yet accomplished it.

M. A. L., (Norristown, Pa.) — Never mind how men and women generally talk; show your own strength of mind by talking, both as to matter and manner, as you yourself think right. It is wrong to wish to measure corn by other bushels than your own proper standard; nor is it your business to judge others. Let the inner instinct of right and propriety be your guide in the ordering of your own conversation, and leave others to talk as they will. You will do more good by a simple and courteous refusal to join in conversation that you disapprove than by denouncing it. Great tact is required to avoid giving offences or appearing prudish. Simply refrain from saying what you do not like, or do not think it right to say. Never mind what others say or do.

JESSE, (Camden, N. J.)—That depends on what you mean by "former times." If you wish to go back to antiquity, we answer yes. But through all the range of modern times fashions in dress, among fashionable people, have been changeable. An old play, written nearly three hundred years ago, says,

> "Nothing is thought rare
> Which is not new, and followed; yet we know
> That which was worn some twenty years ago
> Comes into grace again."

And according to Shakspere, the fashion of men's attire was as changeable in his day as that of women. In "Much Ado About Nothing," one of the characters says, "I see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man."